THE COMMONWEAL

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WHAT OF CHINA?

THE United States, in more or less close association with other powers, is hovering on the outskirts of China, perplexed by political, economic and military events to which no single formula seems applicable. One thing alone is wholly evident—a growing distrust of foreigners created by a fixed resolve to achieve national independence. This is not now, as during the Boxer uprising, the product of mere traditional antipathies or vagrant outbursts of superstition. It is a feeling which has been developed as slowly and firmly as the revolutionary movement brought to a head by Sun Yat-sen in 1911 was organized. To a large extent, it goes hand in hand with that same movement. Once a group of thoughtful Chinese, influenced by what they had seen in foreign countries, found practical means to realize their dream of a republican government in China, it was inevitable that they and their followers should wish to be as independent of alien control as of domestic dynasties. Movements toward democracy are normally steps toward industrialism and nationalistic expression. And it is perhaps one of the ironical details of recent history that Great Britain, which once abetted Sun Yat-sen and saved him from prison, should now be most vitally affected by what is happening in revolutionary China.

About the whole of Chinese progress toward republicanism there is much that must strike western minds as factitious and bizarre. Oriental leaders—the Filipinos afford another interesting example—seem to feel that a lofty political ideology is enough to guarantee the arrival of a milennium. Sun Yat-sen himself drew up a remarkable theory of government which blended Occidental practice with Chinese traditions and which needed only—the education of a vast people, utterly without training in popular rule or modern business, in the conduct of their common affairs. This need was soon felt. China has been in turmoil since fateful 1911, and it is certainly an open question whether any really notable success has been gained in the formation of public opinion. Two things, however, have undoubtedly occurred. Agrarian organization has been completed on a scale hitherto unknown in the Orient, and soldiering has become a popular and honorable profession. Prior to the revolution, wearing a military uniform was considered extremely degrading; and indeed about the only emulators of Napoleon Bonaparte in the country were scoundrelly bandit chieftains. Today the armies whose "lords" divide the country of the Manchus among themselves are not, perhaps, models of tactical organization, but they are

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veritable nuclei of fighting forces which we may some time take seriously enough.

The rise of the military was indispensable to the Chinese advance, but it created the turmoil from which the nation now chiefly suffers. Was the army to be an instrument of government, or government itself? Most authoritative commentators seem to agree that the Southern Nationalist army has loyally tried to be the first, and that it has maintained an admirable discipline. Its soldiers do not loot or merge into bandit hordes, and its leaders tend to regard treaties with respect. But in spite of the successes of Chiang Kai Shek, the Nationalist general, it is not at all sure that he can proceed to oust those rival leaders who continue to make every important city in China a battleground. Indeed, the news indicates that he is hard pressed to contend with a split in his own ranks, a communistically minded party having found the methods he sponsors too slow and compromising. At present this intra-party hostility is the most serious of Chinese disturbances and also the most difficult to understand or gauge. Great Britain, however, is apparently convinced that Chiang will triumph ultimately, and its wager invites respect.

Mention of communism brings up what is, of course, the most lurid aspect of the whole situation. What has been the influence of Russian Sovietism upon the formation of Chinese revolutionary leadership? There are many reasons why this query should arouse concern. In the first place, Leninism would mean violence and industrial chaos, danger to Europe and destruction of much Christian missionary effort; in the second place, it is viewed with alarm by those who sincerely believe that China can profit by western technical and commercial assistance, quite apart from existing treaties. But for the most part, "Bolshevism" is a convenient label for those who wish to see "concerted action" by the powers now concentrated in Shanghai, and who believe that a "firm hand" is the best answer to a lot of "coolie nonsense." Mr. Thomas Millard, the veteran correspondent now in the service of the New York World, feels that, as conditions now are, the label may actually precipitate disastrous military intervention. On the other hand, public opinion in the United States and Europe has plainly been loath to accept the idea that a great agrarian people, trained to a quite unparalleled respect for the golden mean, and benefiting by a wide distribution of private property, would suddenly blossom out on a frenzied communistic parade.

This opinion is fortified by the comment of at least four prominent men, all of whom are familiar with Chinese conditions. Mr. T. Z. Koo, connected for several years with the administration of Chinese railways and for more years with Christian student movements in the Orient, contributed to the New York Times a reasoned statement which, to say the least, sounds eminently plausible. He puts forth the simple fact that "there is insufficient wealth in China to 'commune' with," the only large fortunes being a few controlled by business men in large cities. Therefore communism could be, at best, only a local urban affair. Similarly, Alexander Kerensky, who might be pardoned an unusual eagerness to see Sovietistic spectres everywhere, has clearly expressed his conviction that the gospel of the present Russian government will never get a wide hearing in disciplined, conventional, reasonable China. This point of view seems also to have influenced Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler who, speaking on behalf of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, expressed opposition to "hasty coercion" of the Chinese by "more advanced peoples."

More reliable testimony than even all this seems to come from the Very Reverend James A. Walsh, superior-general of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, whose statement to the press is an admirable summary of the information and comment supplied by priests and religious in the Chinese mission field. "Soviet poison," he says, "has already entered the minds of scores and hundreds of young students, who in turn have harangued the laboring classes and influenced them against all foreign influences—including, of course, the 'foreign religion.' The propaganda has been intense and has run the whole gamut of Soviet doctrines. These activities will not cease; and if the Russians should succeed in splitting the Nationalists and replacing with their own the present anti-Soviet leaders, the Catholic missionaries will have to go through the fire of persecution. But I believe it will not come to pass. Most of us who know something of China can hardly picture its people Bolshevists. The Chinese are peace-loving, their family traditions are sacred, and they cling to property. Besides, they have a strong religious sense. The Chinese students, too, will grow in wisdom. They will soon learn that financial questions are very practical and that their elders were wise to cultivate business relationships with many other nations, even though, in times past, some of these were not as 'decent' as they should have been."

One concludes, therefore, that regardless of what other powers may do, the United States may profitably exhibit an attitude of patience toward the Chinese struggle. Above all, it is necessary to avoid the errors of "firmness" which, as displayed by continental nations, did so much to make the Russian upheaval a success. The proper antidote to Bolshevism in China is surely Christianity, representing to the Chinese not merely a sublime gospel of religious truth, but also the varied kindly arts of the western world. Up until now, the fate of the missionaries has been, of course, to share the general uneasiness and disturbance in China; but there has been nothing like organized persecution. Whatever happens, the Church will not cease its efforts to minister to the vast, mysterious Orient, for the Church alone is in possession of the secret of clarity and wisdom which is the proper and fitting foundation of any government as it is the recipe for the saving of the individual man.

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The Commonweal announces early publication of Pamphlet Number Four, dealing with the question, Should a Catholic Be President? It will include the open letter in reply to Mr. Charles C. Marshall which appeared in our issue of April 13, the article by Dr. John A. Ryan of April 27, and other pertinent material. The pamphlet will provide, we believe, a satisfying perspective of a highly important situation.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE situation in Mexico has taken on an aspect of greater violence. The recent ghastly train hold-up in the mountains of Jalisco was executed by ferocious bandits who, if one may credit the news, showed no quarter to women and children. Characteristically, the official report declared that the robbers had been organized by the Catholic episcopate and led by priests—a declaration which the government itself does not believe, but which seemed expedient propaganda. To the lame and the halt it is always evident that the Church is the source of lawlessness and violence in Mexico, and that a government wholly dependent for its existence upon military drill is pacific and lamblike. But, for some strange reason, even Protestant missionary forces in the United States —constantly on the alert against the machinations of Rome—no longer quite believe these established truths. Bishop McConnell of Pittsburgh has, of course, never represented extremists among his brethren. Often his counsel has been qualified by a fairness and sanity deserving of more imitation than it has received. We have consistently failed to understand why he and his compeers have not won out over the credulous, misinformed Samuel Guy Inman type of missionary. At any rate, Bishop McConnell has addressed to the Christian Advocate a paper dealing with the religious situation in Mexico which, though it does not take full measure of Catholic thought on the subject or abandon a frankly Protestant point of view, is deserving of attention and sincere respect.

BISHOP McCONNELL agrees that the Mexican anti-religion laws "are aimed chiefly at the Roman Catholic Church." He adds that he has good reason for thinking so, "for just after those laws were passed, President Carranza told me personally that they were so aimed and that other religions—'religiones' was his word—had nothing to fear. In fact, however, the laws are being put into force quite impartially." The Bishop feels that the root of the trouble is exaggerated respect for the state on the part of officials, although he adds his belief that the Catholic Church has demanded too much. Nevertheless, "I know too well what happens in Mexico when Roman Catholics become indifferent to their Church without making connection with some other religious organization. They are likely to fall outright into atheism. One of the most pathetic features in the Mexican situation is the wistful eagerness with which some of the leaders in Mexico's political and educational circles look upon the human serviceableness of the Protestant churches. Some say outright that they cannot believe in God, but that they do believe in humanity, and they ask if there is some way in which they can support Protestantism for its human usefulness without accepting its thought of the Divine." The Bishop justly concludes that this is not an attitude of mind which any church can regard with satisfaction, provided it retains some consciousness of its religious mission. Indeed, during moments of fine logical insight, it is likely enough that he really hopes that the Catholic Church will retain its hold upon the majority of Mexicans.

AMBASSADOR HOUGHTON'S recent speech before the Manchester Chamber of Commerce upon the pros and cons of an Anglo-American alliance was a nicely calculated affair and does credit to the talent for suave oratory possessed by our envoy to Britain. Advocates of trenchant language, old-fashioned champions of the phrase that really means something, will be apt to find it a little over-diplomatic. They will judge that our ambassador, in an endeavor to make amends for the douche of cold water thrown upon the idea of an alliance, went a little further than was wise in conceding an understanding which really amounts to much the same thing in the end. "To bring the English-speaking nations together into an armed exclusive group," declared Mr. Houghton, "prepared, if need be, to impose its collective will by force, would, if it were possible, tend neither to produce peace nor assure our mutual security. Its only result would be

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to unite all the rest of the world against us." These are wise words, and one hopes their echo will reach at least as far as Shanghai. But their effect is impaired, if it is not negatived, by words that went before it, demonstrating the ease and naturalness with which Anglo-American coöperation can be secured without the fuss and trouble of protocols and commitments. "We certainly think in much the same terms. We have the same scale of values, we want the same kind of a world. Consciously or unconsciously, we are seeking for the same kind of a future. So much, it seems to me, we may accept without hesitation." Thus Mr. Houghton.

WITH all respect, we find a great deal of hesitation, and believe it shared by a majority of our fellow-citizens. The difference in values was apparent from the very first meeting in Paris that followed the Armistice. It would have been sharper had not the burking of all discussion on the freedom of the seas at Britain's dictation smothered it at the start. The "kind of future" envisaged by the two English-speaking nations was contrasted, on one side by an open scramble for mandated territories, on the other by a resolute standing aside from territorial acquisitions, only coupled with a request that sources of raw materials should remain common property. To affect to see no possible divergence ahead, with such recent history as background, seems unduly optimistic even for a post-prandial mood. As to the possible dangers of an alliance, we will carry Mr. Houghton's thought a little further than he seems to have cared, under the circumstances, to carry it. We believe that no conception is so fraught with international peril, nor so responsible for rendering discussion on arms limitations and other contentious matters futile, as the idea, from whatever quarter propagated, that American and English delegates come into every conference with an Anglo-Saxon gentlemen's agreement between them, conscious or "unconscious," from which other parties to the discussion are excluded.

THE Fascist Charter of Labor is based on a kind of logic that would not be acceptable in the United States. Neither labor nor employers' associations here would be prepared to admit that industrial relations must be determined by judicial arbitration. The argument depends, of course, entirely upon one's view of the function of government. If you accept Socialist control of production and distribution as the possible ultimate function of the state and then set out to formulate something equally drastic but different in character, you will arrive at the Fascist notion of a government authorized to enforce the "peaceful coöperation" of industrial agents. But if you believe a certain amount of "laissez-aller" necessary in order to preserve economic relations from rigidity and political meddling, you will stand with the American Federation of Labor and most of American capital in believing that anything like compulsory arbitration and contract fixing is reprehensible. Recently the Supreme Court of the United States declared that a certain Indiana union could not refuse to complete work on stone partially cut in non-union quarries because the product entered interstate commerce and a union refusal to deal with it would violate the anti-trust law against combinations in "restraint of trade." The Supreme Court dissenting opinion, however, held that the Indiana union action was proper and reasonable because it was the only means of self-protection "a small craft of workingmen" had against "a combination of powerful and militant employers." Nevertheless, it must be frankly admitted that the American method of "industrial freedom" is an experiment which, for all its attractiveness, may fail unless the two elements in industry can bring "voluntary coöperation" to something like the same stage of efficiency as the government of Mussolini promises to achieve by peremptory method of mandate.

THE lot of a member of the present British cabinet, like that of a policeman, is not a happy one. The question of enlarging the franchise for women caused dissension and trouble enough, and now comes the necessity of defending the drastic Trade Disputes bill, which will be introduced in Parliament as a government measure this month. It is evident that the Trades Union Defense Committee, a joint body representing the Labour party and the Trades Union Congress, will conduct a vigorous and intensive campaign in every constituency in the country against the bill. That the measure is extreme in its proposals is at once apparent to those who know the conditions under which labor unions operate in the United States. Not only is the power to strike restricted, and picketing made almost impossible, but unions are deprived of their legal right to raise political funds, civil servants are prevented from joining with other workers, and any sympathetic strike is made liable to condemnation as criminal. Much of this program, which must be defended from public platforms by the members of the cabinet in the next few weeks, looks antiquated if not almost obsolete. Its promulgation may be expected to strengthen the Labour party in many parts of the country, and is bound to plague the Conservatives at the next general election.

READ in every Catholic church in the archdiocese of New York, and broadcast nation-wide over the radio, the appeal of Cardinal Hayes for our poor and suffering brethren comes as a reminder to the charitable and a challenge to the indifferent or preoccupied, no less urgent because it has become an annual and foreseen event. In a country and age where charity is well-nigh universal, there is no ground for laying claim to a distinctively Catholic quality in the sentiment that hastens to the succour of human distress and human pain. Nevertheless, it may with justice

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be asserted that, in the spirit with which Catholic charity is administered, a certain quality inheres that is part and parcel of Catholic belief. This special quality may be said to come from the covenanted place that the poor man or woman holds in the older Church. Somewhere between the Church militant and the Church suffering, a body of brothers and sisters in the Faith has always been recognized to exist, who are working out their salvation or reparation in an earthly purgatory and who, in the words of a great but unbelieving writer, seem to live "on a planet much further from the sun than ours." But, if they are further from the sun, there is no Catholic worthy of the name but will feel that they are, for their very suffering, appreciably nearer heaven.

NO CHARGE against Protestantism or, speaking more exactly, Protestant ideology, has been more deadly than that, by consecrating wealth as a symbol of merit, and even while maintaining corporal works of mercy, it abandoned this old attitude of reverence for the deprived folk who, in a homely phrase full of significance, were once termed "God's poor." "Destitution," as Beatrice and Sydney Webb remind us in the first volume of their English Poor Law History, just published in London, "was in effect adjudged to be a public nuisance, like muck-heaps, or vermin, or vagrants; and this nuisance had to be abated in the manner and by the officers prescribed by the law." The outstanding merit of the task to which the Catholic Charities body has addressed itself is that it restores to good works carried out upon an imposing scale, the ancient conception, not of a nuisance to be abated, but rather of a debt to be discharged. By so doing, it releases a spirit too long held in bondage by the material view of wealth and poverty, and diffuses it in a measure that must inevitably transcend the confines of Catholic discipline and communion.

A TORRENTIAL Mississippi once more harasses the south-central states, impoverishing whole towns and threatening to take a vast toll of lives. Undoubtedly the demand for relief will be answered satisfactorily, and further steps will be taken to fortify the levees. But it is difficult for people not familiar with the scene to realize the full extent of the great river's fury in times like these. Normally rather placid and amenable, the Mississippi becomes, during flood periods, a veritable inland ocean, lashed into white foam by tremendous waves and rushing ahead with a force that seems almost bestial. The level, grassy lowlands are difficult to defend against its ravages. Perhaps nowhere else have United States engineers expended so much skill in erecting fortifications as in the Mississippi country. But just as a wholly impregnable line of defenses is unknown in military annals, so dikes which can be relied upon to stem the impact of the river's current have not yet been devised. The towns and farms within flood area have to take their chance, which fortunately enough is not exacted more frequently than once in a generation. Even so, the record of great floods is extensive enough to include huge chronicles of sacrifice and heroic action which, though not well remembered or often celebrated by poets, are glorious additions to the national history. Just now even those most distant from the Mississippi may well join the work of rescue by contributing a little of their wealth, so that the task of rehabilitation may proceed more quickly and amply.

THE commercial status of the "Bibb Manufacturing Company, of Macon, Georgia," is unknown to us, still more so the social significance in his community of Mr. W. D. Anderson, its president. But when the latter cracks the whip over "forty-one southern bishops and ministers" who have lately issued a report describing the conditions in mill villages as "deplorable" and urging their abolition, we hope the thoughtful world is listening in. Mr. Anderson's conception of the functions of ministers of religion is a rigidly spiritual one. "We need the help of our bishops and church leaders," he is reported as telling his brother members of the Georgia Association of Cotton Manufacturers recently, "but not at the point where they are seeking to inject themselves." And the pious chairman of the Bibb Company goes on to accuse the pastors who have disturbed the secular calm of "model" mill villages by their report with lack of "tact . . . information, training and experience." On the face of it, and without having read the report, a course in economics and mill management does not strike us as necessary before forty-one presumably educated men can speak with conviction on what they have seen, heard and smelled around them. But such matters of detail take a back seat before the inner implications of this Georgia cotton baron's ukase. Men whose interpretation of things necessary for salvation the godly South is quite prepared to write into its legislation are represented as careless, insincere and subject to "sinister influences" the moment their counsels leave the sphere of divinity and enter that of dividends. The spiritual leaders who in a few months' time may be rallying the faithful to the support of free churches in a free country are seen to be at odds themselves with Erastian tyranny in a very mean and very petty form.

AFTER a week of challenges, peremptory and otherwise, which seemed designed to make the fortune of the paragraphist and cartoonist, the sordid Snyder case is in the hands of a jury and may be left there. To say that the proceedings cast fresh discredit upon the chaos into which the preliminaries of our criminal trials have been allowed to drift, would be a very moderate expression of opinion. To trust that they have brought us any nearer to remedial measures which will restore a modicum of common sense to the prelim-

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inaries of our criminal procedure would be an abuse of the divine faculty of hope. The public has grown used to these farcical displays, where a will to dodge jury service goes half-way to meet the forehanded resistance of the defense. It chuckles over them, makes them matter of flippant comment, and does not, apparently, see that by the reduction to absurdity of a very precious palladium it is playing into the hands of those who are avowed enemies of the jury system and advocates of juridical dictation. The right to challenge the panel, if it is to be preserved us, must be freed from the disrepute that is overtaking it at the hands of "fighting" counsel. The wording of the questions put to prospective talesmen last week leaves one with the impression that the only juror really acceptable to the Snyder defense would have been a celestial visitant just fallen from Mars, or an explorer rescued from a six months' sojourn on the banks of the River of Doubt and kept incommunicado pending his production in Queens County court-house.

IN ANOTHER section of this issue we publish an interesting account of the famous Veil of the Virgin, devotion to which was so marked throughout the middle-ages, and of the quaint observances connected with it. Intending tourists who are led by it to include Chartres in their itinerary may be glad to know something of the order of services arranged for Whitsuntide. These will begin with a procession through the Cathedral on May 31, conferences and conducted visits during the next two days, interspersed with religious services; solemn High Mass on Whit Sunday, and, to close the celebration, a procession on Whit Monday through the streets of the ancient city, bearing the relic associated so greatly and picturesquely with its secular life for eleven centuries. Many visitors to Chartres of late have been saddened by the evident need of repair of one of the most perfect Gothic fanes in Europe. They will be interested to know that a very active "Society of Friends of the Cathedral" exists and is making it its business to remedy this. To the researches into the past of its secretary-archivist, M. L'Abbe Delaporte, much of the out-of-the-way information contained in Miss Maydwell's article is due.

RUSKIN'S advice to "live long in the presence of great art" is still the best rule for all those who honestly desire to know the beauty of nobly conceived canvases. Many publishers have tried to make it practicable for those who do not possess the leisure to haunt the great museums and the still more instructive "monuments." Until recently, however, it seemed impossible to produce adequate reproductions in the United States, although several European printers, notably the Germans, had achieved distinguished success. Now, through the efforts of Dr. Francis Pristera, Ph.D., L.H.D., professor in Fordham University, there is being offered to the public a set of art portfolios which combines tact in the selection and discussion of pictures with attractiveness of execution. The editor plans seven series devoted to as many separate national schools of painting, and announces that the first, which deals with Italian art, will comprise seven portfolios containing in all 100 reproductions, together with appropriate comment. Having seen the first issue, we can testify to the ample dimensions, the charm and the deft execution of these photogravures. They avoid that haziness of outline which seems to characterize so much work of this kind, and their effectiveness is heightened by the use of excellent materials that convey the full artistic values in each masterpiece.

RARITY creates legend, and the golden voice of Edith Wynne Mathison was a tradition years before the Academy of Arts saw fit to confer a gold medal upon it. The ideal acting voice is modulated. It rises and falls: it is full of delicate shades of intonation that almost demand visual aid for their full comprehension. And it is a voice that, for reasons which we have no time to linger upon, is found oftener in the old country than the new. It is rather notable that American comedians, when they seek to reproduce the English voice for purposes of ridicule, insist upon this flexibility, and, in the case of men at least, convey a hint of something approaching unmanliness. But if the American voice scores low marks for intimate communication, it takes its revenge where the teaching of large masses, seen or unseen, are concerned. Its strident and resonant quality, its more liberal use of emphasis, even the differences in accentuation that have insinuated themselves as time went on, make it a splendidly practical medium for the lecture platform, the telephone or the radio. Those who have sat at the back of a hall, suffering from the conversational pitch of much heralded lecturers from across the Atlantic, will not see in this stamp of artistic approval set upon an English voice any insinuation that the American voice, simply because it still has a great deal to learn, has nothing to teach.

CAN THE FARM SURVIVE?

THE Department of Agriculture reports a fairly general migration from the farm to the city during 1926. It is estimated that 649,000 persons substituted pavements for the greensward, each portion of the country furnishing its quota. Despite the fact that a considerable percentage of the number is made up of southern Negroes seeking the rewards of labor under industrial conditions, the decrease is serious enough to justify speculation about the time when the United States will no longer be able to produce foodstuffs in sufficient quantities. Meanwhile the continuing economic weakness of agricultural commerce has probably led to curtailment of expenditures for pedigreed stock, soil foods and adequate buildings. In short, it is quite likely that both personnel and equipment have deteriorated on the farm. A healthful sign

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may be discerned in the fact that the farmers themselves seem to have the most complete realization of the difficulty.

Mid-western pressure upon the government has no prospect of forcing through such radical legislation as was propounded in Congress last year, or of bringing into being a strong separate political movement. Apparently, however, Washington is aware that something more than bureaus of information or official land banking is needed. The announcement that Senator Fess, familiar with Ohio agriculture through personal experience, is formulating a plan for relief, indicates that the Republican party hopes to produce a salutary and popular measure before the next elections occur. The Senator's plan, which is not to be developed until the farmer's viewpoint has been diligently analyzed by various congressional inquirers, seems to repose upon the idea that the government can subsidize the coöperative movement into efficient activity. One may doubt that any such scheme can have immediate restorative effects. The rural industry is as yet quite unconscious of the entire significance of coöperation. But it seems to us that Mr. Fess proposes what is really a step in the right direction, rather than—in the manner of McNary-Haughenism—a leap to safety in the wrong direction.

Meanwhile, it seems to us, much first-rate thinking has been done regarding certain elemental economic facts in the conduct of farming. During the "era of expansion" which followed the war, acreage was thought of in vast figures: machinery calculated to enable one man to cultivate extensive areas took the place of livestock and the patient routine of daily growth. Now it is being observed again and again that while machinery consumes nothing which the farmer grows, it adds nothing to what the farmer grows. Men are turning back through history to observe how constantly periods of extensive cultivation were also periods of agricultural decline. Though farming is an industry in the primordial sense, it is not normally industrial in the modern, machine-made sense. Loyalty to its exigencies may be, in the ultimate analysis, the only enduring recipe of success.

THE MOST PATIENT ART

ONE hesitates to assume that the reason why the "spokesman for the President" made his precipitate announcement that Herbert Hoover would not be Secretary of State was intimately bound up with the said Mr. Hoover's advocacy of fishing as a force in the determination of character. And yet the art of angling supposes virtues of patience and sobriety, of gentleness and reserve of force until the critical moment, which may have impressed the administration as undesirable in one obliged to deal with so many irritating varieties of Bolshevism. Had not Mr. Hoover declared, at the Chicago meeting of the Izaak Walton League, "that the increase of crime is due to a lack of those qualities of mind and character which impregnate the soul of every fisherman excepting those who get no bites"?

However that may be, it is certainly true that the art of fishing, no less than the virtues of the fisherman, is passing. The days when every normal lad made his first acquaintance with a biological specimen in the process of impaling wriggling "fishworms" has gone. Today the boy begins with a paragraph about amoebas; and when he has advanced to that successful age where he may profitably forget everything he was taught, he buys high-priced tackle as he buys golf-clubs, and proceeds to curse the trout as energetically as he denounces his mashie stroke. One ventures to suppose that the prevailing popular concept of fish is "filet of sole"—normally a gross violation of all culinary rules as well as of truth, and an insult to any respectable fish. Where is the chub that used to sizzle in the skillet, the ferocious channel cat whose flanks were wont to be so savory when broiled after a treatment with butter and a dash of Scotch? There still are such things, just as there are heirlooms and people who remember the difference between a buggy and a carriage; but they are so distant that school anthologies rarely offer selections from the peerless Walton, lest the children find the matter too fantastic and strange. They can grasp Miltonic argument and Addisonian manners, but "Piscator" would have nothing intelligible to say to them.

The real art of fishing, these days, survives under more leisurely and less smart climes. To know its real blessedness, one must have hied to Saint-Benoit in the region of Poitou, for the annual opening of the fishing season. The trout and herring over which the saint presides seldom have, it must be confessed, a monastic portliness: and the millimetre far too frequently designates their sorry longitude. But what of it? To the crowd of intent and rejoicing fishermen, patient diplomacy is sure to bring some reward. This the equally patient housewife then transforms, with rites and a diligence known only to her tribe, into a dish which Walton would instantly have recognized as regal. All who have been in the habit of describing Frenchmen as volatile and unsedentary owe themselves a trip to Saint-Benoit. Quite as impressive is the opening of the season at Echternach, in the sole remaining European Grand Duchy; and what is even more noteworthy, the fish are deserving of sedulous effort. Why should the litany of piscatorial places be continued? The point is, after all, that the art of angling needs to be revived in the United States, for the entertainment, the instruction, the edification and the "gustatory pleasure" (as an old writer on the subject would have phrased it) of us all. Even the narratives to which the art has from time to time given rise have their importance as incentives to the imagination—far better ones, in all truth, than movies or radio tubes. Why is there not a Will Hays for the realm of fish?

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MORALS IN PLAIN FIGURES

By HARVEY WICKHAM

THE passion for weighing and measuring, which is one of the most characteristic passions of our times, has at last invaded ethics. I do not wish to say anything against the passion itself. Accuracy, getting down to brass tacks, is a most admirable thing. Science has won so many triumphs by this homely method that it has come to be said that a science is not a science until it has reduced its data to arithmetical formulae and established itself upon a quantitative basis.

But triumphant science, though it seems to occupy a very large section of the public mind, occupies a very small section of nature. What used to be known as astronomy, physics and chemistry—today these fields are subdivided, but their original boundaries remain—are responsible for practically all of those achievements which have given science its present prestige. Within astronomy, physics and chemistry, the atmosphere which reigns is wholesome, hopeful, laden with the sweet odors of difficult tasks that have been well done.

But beyond these confines—perhaps because of certain obstacles which the weighing and measuring passion meets with when the subject-matter becomes more subtile than electrons, atoms, molecules, particles or stars—a different state of things exists. A psychologist, for example, insists on being called a scientist, but proving his right to the title is often a strain upon his candor and good nature. Psychological phenomena are so difficult to measure and to weigh that there is a temptation to select the more weighable among them and then simply pretend that the others do not exist.

In the domain of ethics, the prevalence of imponderables would seem to make the application of the scientific method still more difficult. But what is the modernist teacher of ethics to do? Having once ceased to claim a sanction from Revelation he is simply bound to be "scientific," or fall by the wayside. For some time—ever since the publication of Herbert Spencer's famous Data, in fact—this is precisely what he has been doing. Recently, however, a new school of ethical thought has come into being, the exponents of which, nothing daunted by difficulty, have determined to apply the quantitative method to morals, so that we may at last determine how good or how bad we are in plain figures, out of which can be constructed a chart with accompanying tables and all the other paraphernalia of accuracy so dear to the modern investigator.

For illustration, let us take the experiences of Professor Kimber M. Persing, of the Glenville High School, in Cleveland, Ohio, and those of Miss Selda Cook, a teacher in the Outhwaite School, which is also in Cleveland.

Professor Persing has been conducting some interesting experiments, which he describes in the Educational Review under the heading, Morals and Chemistry. His object was to get quantitative measurements of the morality actually possessed by the pupils under his charge—not their professed morality alone, but also their real morality as proven in action. His methods, which take honesty as the touchstone, were interesting and novel.

He first put the pupils on their honor by establishing a system under which they were called upon to review the markings given them in various tests, problems and home-written papers. They were told to add an O. K. to such markings as they deemed correct, and invited to call attention to those which were either too high or too low. The experiments, covering two years and involving 136 high-school seniors, were conducted with craft and cunning. That is, while the mask of bona fides was carefully preserved, many of the ratings were intentionally incorrect. Says Professor Persing: "In applying the incorrect grades to the papers, several precautions were observed to avoid arousing a suspicious attitude on the part of the student."

Results were disconcerting. No less than 97 percent of the students complained when given too low a mark, while but 9½ percent acknowledged the corn when the mark was too high. To establish a means of comparing practice with profession, a quiz was then held in which these same students were asked such questions as:

"If in a business deal you were given a sum of money greater than you were entitled to, what would you do when you discovered the mistake?"

"If instead of receiving too much money, you found that you had received less than was due you, what would you do?"

And, an atmosphere sufficiently devoid of suspicion having thus been established, similar questions were put regarding examination papers that were incorrectly marked.

The 97 percent who had complained of their gradings when they were too low, squared theory with conduct by declaring that they would do exactly that should occasion arise. But while only 9½ per cent had actually called attention to gradings that were too high, a full 88 percent said they would have done so—being in ignorance, of course, of the fact that the test had already been applied. On the other hand, 18 percent frankly admitted that they would never report overgrading. Professor Persing comments thus:

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> It seems rather alarming to find nearly 20 percent willing to admit over their own signatures their willingness to accept credits they have not earned. As an alibi for doing this many offered the excuse that their teachers often carelessly and unfairly graded their work without any recourse to an adjustment. . . . The answers to the several questions would imply a recognition of moral values, but the practical test would seem to indicate a failure to live up to the ideal.

Now it seemed to me, when reading this, that there was something wrong beneath the whole procedure. The "alibi" offered by the students suggested the possibility of the tests not having touched their moral sense at all. They had evidently not regarded themselves as upon their honor, but as engaged in some sort of contest wherein any chance advantage was only an offset to certain disadvantages beyond their control. In other words, they were like poker players sitting in a game where everybody was expected to look out for himself.

Not only this, but it seemed to me that the teachers (Miss Cook obtained similar results from similar experiments at establishing an honesty quotient) had taken strange means to bring out such latent morality as those under their supervision might possess. Those precautions against arousing a suspicious attitude, those interpolations of questions about business deals, tending to disguise the fact that markings were the real matter at stake—it didn't listen well, to put it bluntly. Having first betrayed the pupils' confidence, how could a teacher expect to be met by anything but cunning in return? There is something in disingenuousness which makes itself felt even when it is not consciously understood, and everybody knows the proneness of even the very best among us to fight fire with fire.

Yet the students were unquestionably at fault. And while I was wondering why they had not been more honest, marking their own papers right even though the heavens threatened to fall, I chanced upon another article, also in the Educational Review, which seemed to throw considerable light upon what Professor Persing terms "a pronounced tendency to ignore the moral value in judging situations." For in living up to an ideal it is necessary, first of all, to have an ideal to live up to. Professor Persing had claimed that the pupils had such an ideal, but he failed to describe it or to explain how they happened to have it or upon what it was founded. And it was this ideal which formed the subject of the second article, one entitled, Teaching Morality, by Dr. David Snedden, who is teacher of education and sociology in Columbia University, New York City.

"What is morality?" he asks. And though I have read his article several times, the only answer I get is that supplied by the echo.

"The word" (morality) he would have us believe, "is of the same generic order as are the words health, culture, civism and religion." That is, "it is an abstract singular term of numberless connotations—by itself an almost useless term of intellectual intercourse because it means all things to all persons." And he adds that much might be gained if we could substitute for it the word "moralities," to be used somewhat in the same way that discriminating speakers use the term "manners." He goes on:

> But to make such usage effective we would have to be in agreement that there are thousands of kinds of these "moralities." Sociologically considered, each realistic species of behavior between two or more humans—wherein consciousness of some kind or degree of weal or woe of the affected parties is involved—can be taken as of at least the central area of all those moralities that make up morality."

The identification of moralities with manners here seems to be complete. And the "central area" which now takes the place of the ancient fixed point of perfection from which moral lapses could be measured, is any species of "realistic behavior" involving the idea of weal or woe. Imagine the naïveté of expecting high-school pupils to be honest against their own interests after listening to preaching of this sort! Nor has Dr. Snedden reached the end of his reductio ad absurdum of ethics, "sociologically considered" and divorced from religion. He continues in the plural:

> Specific moral behaviors are different according to the kinds of social groups they affect. Here arises the sometimes puzzling contradictions, as that loyalty to fellow gangsters may be disloyalty to the state. Sociologist and philosopher may seem to part company on some of these distinctions. Certainly the former is nearer the scientific when he claims that there is no such thing as honesty (or truthfulness, or frugality, or purity) in general.

Of course it may be argued that the students of Glenville High School, and of the Outhwaite School, were not taught by Dr. Snedden. But when one considers the fact that he is merely a more distinguished member of that same Protestant educational hierachy to which Miss Cook and Professor Persing belong, the objection loses weight. The pupils whose honesty quotient was so cleverly discovered to be deficient have doubtless listened to the same teaching, or worse, and personally I think they made a remarkably good showing under the circumstances. Called upon, whenever an occasion for "realistic behavior" arises, to determine which of an infinite number of specific moral behaviors is in order, could a boy or girl be blamed for becoming momentarily scientific rather than philosophical, and assuming that since there is no such thing as honesty in general there is probably no such thing as honesty in particular?

The young used to be taught that they should tell the truth and shame the devil, that the very essence of moral behavior is the absence of selfish calculation.

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As for reckoning up the probable chances for weal or woe, even a professional crook must do that, and do it rather skilfully if he expects to keep out of the hands of the law.

But we are crowding Dr. Snedden out of the pulpit. He has more to say, as follows:

> Certain kinds and degrees of approvable (beneficient as conceived of by responsible, controlling agencies) moral behavior are so easy to learn that, like tastes for specific kinds of foods, dispositions to move playfully, and curiosities, we are prone to think of them as instinctive or otherwise innate. Certain kinds and degrees of "immoral" behavior are just as easy to learn. Other kinds and degrees are doubtless difficult if not impossible to learn, just as certain kinds or degrees of morality can be learned, at least by some persons, only with a great deal of difficulty, if at all.

Here is food for thought. In the first place, an appeal seems to be made to authority, to "responsible, controlling agencies." But unfortunately the learned sociologist does not say what agencies he has in mind. Some are certainly needed if we are to get away from those "contradictions" which arise, for example, between loyalty to fellow gangsters and loyalty to other relationships, presumably higher and more important. Might one suggest loyalty to God as a desirable controlling agency? It would not, of course, remove conflicts. God and the gang might not suggest the same realistic behavior on every occasion. But it might tend to rob conflict of the dignity of a question.

Dr. Snedden also leaves us in the dark regarding that sort of moral behavior which comes natural, like "tastes for specific kinds of foods, dispositions to move playfully, and curiosities"; and equally unenlightened as to those immoralities so difficult if not impossible to learn. Evidently the unregenerate human heart is less desperately wicked than was once supposed—but perhaps Dr. Snedden himself is moving playfully at this point. The individual, of whom we hear so much of late, seems at least invited to roam at will in the pastures of self-expression, with a host of moralities to choose from. And if he finds such pastures not lacking in the treacherous thistles of mismarked examination papers, he naturally meets the situation with such realistic behavior as his loyalty to his gang, or to himself, may dictate.

I do not wish to misrepresent Dr. Snedden. No doubt he means something. But before we go into that, and for the sake of change—among other things, a change in English style—let me quote a passage from Newman's Letter to the Duke of Norfolk. In the section on Conscience he says:

> The sense of right and wrong is so delicate, so fitful, so easily puzzled, obscured, perverted, so subtile in its argumentative methods, so impressionable by education, so biased by pride and passion, so unsteady in its course, that in the struggle for existence amid the various exercises and triumphs of the human intellect, the sense is at once the highest of all teachers yet the least luminous.

We seem somehow to have come out of the stifling study of the sociologist into the pure air of heaven, and at once Dr. Snedden's difficulty becomes clear. For if conscience itself be so likely to be obscured, so in need of some "responsible and controlling" agency, what of the human intellect, lost amidst a multitude of different "moralities" and conflicting hopes and fears?

But what the Doctor means, I suppose, is that circumstances alter cases.

True enough. For without circumstances there can be no conduct. But what sort of circumstances are to be considered as having a moral bearing? One reads in the Decalogue, for example, that one should not covet the wife of a neighbor. Now, if I seek a ruling in regard to the morality of my relation with any particular woman, there are just two circumstances which might relieve me of the obligations imposed by the commandment. First circumstance: I perhaps do not covet her. I am exonerated. Second circumstance: she may not be my neighbor's wife, or she may be my own. I am absolved.

Observe that these circumstances have nothing to do with Dr. Snedden's hedonistic idea of possible weal or woe to the affected parties. A man, especially a young man, might honestly think that coveting his neighbor's wife, or even stealing her, would be a good thing not only for himself, but for her. An older man might possibly go as far as to think that it would be a good thing for the neighbor. But from the standpoint of morality, these considerations are not only mistaken, they are irrelevant.

Out in the air with that letter to the Duke of Norfolk, chaos has suddenly succumbed to rule. Back in the study, however, the intellect (no less subtile than the conscience in its argumentative methods) continues to grope. The Doctor says:

> Common sense should expect it to be difficult if not impossible for a teacher to teach kinds and degrees of moral (or immoral) behavior that are not here and now functional. How can truthfulness or chastity "be taught" in the absence of any real temptation to be untruthful or unchaste? These are surely not impossible tasks, however. Some of us must have an uneasy feeling, indeed, that the thing has been done in the past times innumerable, but that somehow we have lost the key to the art.

Confession is good for the soul. The uneasy feeling, which one certainly had, is banished. Dr. Snedden at last is right. But what is his meaning when he speaks of the impossibility of teaching moral or immoral behavior, truthfulness or chastity, in the absence of temptation? Surely we are not to understand that the teaching should supply the temptation, or that we should attempt to teach that immoral behavior which the Doctor encloses in parenthesis?

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JAMES RAMSAY MACDONALD

By HENRY SOMERVILLE

JAMES RAMSAY MACDONALD, prime minister of the first Labour government of Great Britain, is now a guest of the United States. Americans are always interested in any man who has risen from the ranks, as Lloyd George has done, but here is a man who has risen with the ranks, who represents the passing of political power from the rich to the poor, from those who own to those who toil. If we can take the British Labour party at its face value, it is not a mere alternative administration, like the Conservative party or the Liberal party, but it stands pledged to inaugurate a new social order, to wrest land and capital from private owners and vest them in the community. It declares that it will do this when it has a parliamentary majority, and the army and navy at its command. Britain has no rigid constitution guarded by a supreme court, and as far as her laws and constitution go, there is nothing to prevent a parliamentary majority from decreeing the abolition of private property.

James Ramsay Macdonald is not simply the leader of the Labour party; he has done more than any other man to make it and shape it. His life has been full of romance and drama. Born in a fishing village in the far north of Scotland, he was reared in a two-room hovel by his grandmother. He exhausted all the educational opportunities of his native place, though these were not despicable, for he was helped by the dominie, and was given a pupil-teacher's job in the village school in his earliest teens. Before he was twenty he had migrated to London, worked as an invoice clerk for three dollars a week and spent every minute and penny he could spare on improving his knowledge. His passion was for science, but circumstances induced him to accept a position as private secretary to a politician at a salary of six dollars a week. Thereafter he threw himself into political study and propaganda, and journalism became his profession.

It was almost inevitable that a young man of brains who found himself in London in 1889 should become a Socialist. It was the year of the great dock strike. Hilaire Belloc and Gilbert K. Chesterton, both rather younger than Macdonald, caught the prevailing contagion at the time. Macdonald was politically ambitious. He had no enthusiasm for lost causes. He strove to make a place for a Labour wing of the Liberal party. Keir Hardie founded the Independent Labour party in 1923. Macdonald was still paying court to Liberalism, but a year later he cast in his lot with Keir Hardie. The Independent Labour party was a definitely Socialist organization, and it made little headway of itself. Macdonald then threw himself into the task of bringing the trade-unions—and their funds—into politics. The result was that alliance of the trade-unions with Socialist organizations like the Independent Labour party which is now known as the Labour party. It was a master-stroke of policy. The trade-unions counted their millions where the Socialist organizations counted only thousands, yet Socialists like Macdonald obtained the highest offices.

Macdonald had shown himself a master-tactician, but he had not performed a miracle. He had given Socialism a platform and he had made it possible for Socialists like himself to get into Parliament with trade-union support, but he had to emasculate Socialism in order to do so. He had to adapt his Socialism to the conservative trade-union mentality of the time, which was fairly faithfully represented by the late Samuel Gompers. The most prominent Socialist in England for nearly twenty-five years, Macdonald has been consistently employed in emptying Socialist doctrines of their content. He is one of the rare individuals who are both philosophers and men of action. While he was building up the Labour party, haranguing street crowds, manipulating a caucus, fighting his enemies inside and outside the Labour ranks, he was writing a series of important books on social theory. He is of the Socialist sect called revisionist. The revisionist is to Socialism what the modernist is to Christianity. He retains old formulae, but gives a new interpretation—and the new interpretation is not a development, but a negation of the old doctrine.

Macdonald was giving the Socialist movement in England a new direction and a new tactic, different from the Fabian policy of permeation and still more different from the Marxist policy of class war. Yet he was utilizing class interests and class struggles in a way that the Fabians would not do. Marxist philosophy still held the field among the Socialist movements of Europe. Macdonald knew that philosophy and policy had to harmonize. His first important book was Socialism and Society, published in 1905. The opening words of the preface were:

> In a life the greater part of which has to be spent in the noisy and dusty arena where politics is a hand-to-hand battle, there are few opportunities given for retiring into the peaceful wilderness where one can think out the more fundamental questions of government, and see party differences justified and explained in the light of theories of what society, the state, and politics are; of what the function of Parliament in a community is; of what progress means, and of what its method must be.

He has no doubt that a theory is indispensable to intelligent practice. The theory of Liberalism was good enough as long as it was mainly negative work that had to be done:

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> But this period is over, and that of social reconstruction has begun. And how are we to build? What plan are we to execute? The sheer pressure of clamor and need will force us to take action. In what direction are we to move? All change is not progressive. Which of the roads at present possible is the right one? We must pass more factory legislation. But what is the constructive function of factory legislation? . . . We shall probably be asked to interfere legislatively with wages. How far will the system of capitalism bear such interference? How far will such interference open out the way of further development to society?

Macdonald set himself to demolish two rival social theories, that of individualism which was the foundation of capitalism, and that of Marxism which was the creed of the revolutionary Socialist parties. He adopted as his own the biological theory of society, that society is an organism to which the individual must conform himself, and that its natural method of progress is by evolution, not revolution. He says:

> The laws governing the existence and growth of human society could not be understood until biological science was sufficiently far advanced to explain, with tolerable fulness of detail, the laws which regulate life and its evolution. For society belongs to the biological type of existence because it is no mere collection of separate individuals, like a heap of sand, but a unified and organized system of relationships, in which certain people and classes perform certain functions and others perform other functions, and in which individuals find an existence appropriate to their being by becoming parts of the functioning organs, and by adopting a mode of life and seeking conditions of liberty, not as separate and independent individualities, but as members of their communities.

Such a view of society is plainly fatal to individualism, and its insistence on the interdependence of social classes, of the need for continuity in development of a living organism, and of the adaptation of structure to function is equally opposed to cataclysmic revolutions and proletarian dictatorships. But it is a theory essentially conservative, and it easily lends itself to hidebound Toryism.

Macdonald is no democrat. He has the intellectual's contempt for the crowd. In his latest book: Socialism: Critical and Constructive, published first in 1921 and reissued last year, he writes:

> The mass of people are indifferent or are merely agitated. They dream in spurts, and with the morning no remnant of the dream remains. Their interests are too much like a tide flowing hither and thither, obedient to every attractive moon. They are responsive to suggestion and primitive in their impulses. The masses retain the love of primitive man for gaudy ornament and sparkling plaything. The childhood of the race is far behind in years, but nigh at hand in mood. Put it on its defense and the crowd is brutal; put it at its ease and it is prodigal in its magnanimity. Play on its fears and it gives an immediate response, for fear still lies upon it as the shadow of the unknown and the unfamiliar within whose bounds dwell superstitution and credulity.

These words were written while Macdonald lay under political eclipse. His war attitude had been unpopular, and he was overwhelmingly defeated at the general election which followed the war. His attempts to restore himself at by-elections were ignominious failures, and it looked as if he were cast out forever from British politics. But if the words were written in a period of bitterness they are none the less sincere and characteristic. The conviction that superior intelligences should rule, and that he himself is a most superior intelligence, has ever stamped his attitude, and never more so than when he held the office of prime minister.

This Socialist leader is a species of aristocrat and conservative. As long as he is at the head of the Labour party, he will make it march slowly. When he was prime minister his government was more conservative than any that has ruled Britain since the time of Lord Salisbury. The common but erroneous explanation of this is that the Labour government was in a parliamentary minority. If he had had a majority, Macdonald's policy would have been just the same. It is doubtful whether he will be the next Labour prime minister. The British Labour movement has been veering strongly to the left, mainly on account of its disappointment with the results of the first Labour government. Macdonald is not a Lloyd George. Though he has some degree of pliability, as every politician must have, there are fairly close limits to his opportunism. He will lead the Labour party but will not be led by it. If it will not go his way, he will leave it; and his way will never be far leftward. The social revolution may or may not come in Britain, but it will never come while Macdonald is Labour's leader.

I Went Wishing for Inaudible Songs

I went wishing for inaudible songs
To lift me out of sorrow,
And saw a plump bird picking
Fat worms from a furrow.

In the brown brush at the turnstile
Stood a slim girl
Bending a branch to watch the antics
Of a squirrel.

From a cottage chimney white smoke rose
And the sun fell
Across homely, broad shoulders bowed
To a bucket by the well.

Sorrow, perceiving the peaceful surroundings,
Took my pain
And turned it into poignant joy over
Spring come again.

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN.

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SOCIALISM—OLD AND NEW

By JOSEPH CLAYTON

THROUGHOUT all Europe the change may be discerned. Socialism, once the token of a new order—a battle-cry of revolutionary forces, to many a message of hope, to as many more the threat of approaching doom—has ceased to alarm and terrify, and is no longer the slogan for a working-class in revolt. The red flag has dropped from the hands of the Socialists, to the exceeding great relief of many persons embarrassed by the flapping and displeased with the color, which they pronounced too crude; and has been snatched up by Communists.

In fact, in less than fifty years, Socialism has passed from an inspiration to a tradition, from a creed to a formula. The word in Europe today announces no social revolution; it is merely the symbol of a party, worn as a button is worn at election times—the symbol of a party which has revised the program of social democracy and reformed the doctrine of Karl Marx. It is quite probable that Marx, were he living in these days, would be enrolled with the revisionists and reformers. As the English demagogue John Wilkes avowed himself no Wilkesite, so Marx might well declare himself no Marxist.

The old words may be retained by Socialists, much as the modernist still retains the expressions of the Faith he has lost, and recites the credo, which he openly disbelieves, because it is a valuable and interesting historical pronouncement "revealing a bygone and childish psychology." But the retention of the word "Socialism" in European politics has no more significance than the use of the words "Democracy" and "Republicanism" to characterize the political organizations of America. The average Englishman does at last understand that the Democratic party is not really anti-republican, nor the Republican anti-democratic; just as he quite understands that his Liberal and Conservative parties are respectively committed neither to any particular form of liberalism nor to any special conserving of existing conditions. The leaders of social democratic and other Socialist parties must not be held to cleave to the visions of the nineteenth century, or to be in pursuit of the new order of society which those visions spread before the eyes of people desolate and desponding.

The change in political Socialism is no sudden or startling affair. It began before the war and its beginnings are to be found in the willingness of Socialist politicians to take office in bourgeois governments. In France, especially, the procession from Socialism to positions of place and power—positions, perhaps, not less honorable and certainly more advantageous financially than the posts surrendered in the upward march—has been peculiarly attractive. MM. Millerand, Briand, Viviani are by no means the only notables in that procession. In some cases, this willingness made necessary a frank abandonment of Socialism; in others, it was sufficient to announce a change of front.

What really happened to provoke the change of front was this: The founders of modern Socialism, and Marx above all, arranged the program for a social revolution. According to that program, the working people of Europe were to become a "class-conscious proletariat"; and in that capacity, they were to elect to their various parliaments representatives equally class-conscious and invincible in their social democratic belief, and entirely incorruptible. When a majority of these class-conscious and incorruptible ones had been duly elected, then the time had come for a Socialist government, and the revolution might be safely inaugurated.

Now this was "all wery capital" as Mr. Weller, senior, once observed in a different connection, but the players simply couldn't or wouldn't carry out the performance. The working people of Europe, for one thing, declined to become a "class-conscious proletariat"; too large a proportion of them were already peasant proprietors, and strongly attached to the ancient religion and ancient form of monarchy in their respective lands; which religion and monarchy they were bidden in the name of social democracy to repudiate and utterly cast out. Other proletarians achieved wealth and had no further use for Socialism. The faithful minority found themselves no nearer to the social revolution, for their electoral victories, more particularly in Germany, were too often accomplished by strategy and tactics of doubtful merit; so that while the party grew in numbers its members seemed less and less anxious for the desired revolution.

The dilemma was terrible: either to wait indefinitely for the growth of a "class-conscious proletariat," or to compromise in order to get immediate reforms and remedial measures. In Russia, Lenin and his handful of Bolshevists faced the dilemma boldly in 1917, and declined to wait. By seizing power they would by themselves make the social revolution and leave to the future the growth of the extremely dilatory "class-conscious proletariat." Compromise won all along the line in the countries of constitutional government, and the "class-conscious proletariat" vanished into the limbo of discarded political ideals. Socialists became like other people in politics. They were compelled to bargain for votes, and to learn, in the work of committees, that the problems of administration are not solved by political enthusiasm or party fervor, that the art of government—be it only the government of a county

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area—has to be acquired, and that it is not given to all to acquire it.

The war hastened the change and showed in all its nakedness the bankruptcy of the Socialist International. The years since the war have been the years of nationalism—the nationalism of the new countries called back to independent existence, of the older countries triumphing in victory or mourning in defeat. In either case, the nationalist spirit is predominant and Socialism is scouted as the cry for an out-of-date fashion.

In Great Britain, it was formerly as an economic theory that Socialism was advocated or denounced. When, forty years back, men like William Morris and H. M. Hyndman preached Socialism, they preached a new order of society, and were prepared to welcome this new order no matter what the cost. And so vast was the panorama of the promised land, so tremendous and revolutionary the coming change to be accomplished in society, that many hesitated before committing themselves to so adventurous a creed. All that panorama, with its flaming revolutionary announcements, is gone; and to be a Socialist in England today means to be an opportunist favorable to government control, a social reformer and a believer in municipal ownership. Socialism may still be discussed in debating societies as an economic theory; by politicians it is supported, or opposed, as a theory of government. It has ceased to be a revolutionary proposal for the downfall of all persons living on rent and interest, and the setting up in their places of a victorious proletariat. It does not contemplate any radical change in society. It perceives the business of government to be the prosperity of the whole community, and will not hesitate to tax the incomes of the rich in order to promote the education of poor children, or to relieve the destitute.

The program of Socialism in Great Britain, the program, that is, of the Labour party, may differ in detail from the programs of the Conservative and Liberal parties; it is not different in essence. All three parties profess to put the welfare of the nation first, and stress the need for social reform. There is an actual affinity between the Conservative and the Socialist of the Labour party, for both put the good government of the whole as the first duty of the state, and are inclined to think lightly of individual rights. Similarly, the Liberal inclines to the anarchist—for both rank personal right above the safety and health of the community. (In England the Liberals have always favorably esteemed the more philosophic anarchists, and the welcome extended to Miss Emma Goldman comes from avowed Liberals rather than from the leaders of the Labour party.)

British Socialism, with its municipal ownership of tramways and its greater educational facilities for everyone is not objectionable to Catholics; and its present leaders are desirous of enlisting all people of good will in the cause of social reform.

COPELAND: THE MAN AND HIS BOOK

By R. DANA SKINNER

SOME books grow their own titles. The Copeland Reader* is such a book. For although you will find between its covers the writings of 162 authors (more, if you count the multiple authorship of the Bible) it is inseparably a part of the man who compiled it and even more, to many of us, it is the sound of his voice. Nowhere in its pages will you find a line that "Copey" has not read aloud, whether in Sever Hall, or at the less historic Harvard Union, at some one of the Harvard Clubs throughout the country, at Radcliffe College, or perhaps under the reading lamp, late at night, in his own room, surrounded by a few men who hold his friendship among their richest possessions.

To many, mounting undoubtedly to thousands, the sound of Copeland's reading voice has proved the summons to their first quest for the joy of English poetry and prose. They have caught through the ear the living beauty of words. They have captured from the man himself something of the meaning hiding within those words—a revelation which, it seems, must be born anew in each human soul, that words clothe the mystery of both reality and dreams, uniting them in a new mystery which impels us toward achievement. For Copeland has never been known to read sterile words. They have always contained the dual seeds of action, carrying you in sound, it is true, beyond the exhausting strife of humdrum, but implanting as well the sturdy force of ideas and the incentive to stouter deeds.

Surely it is no mere whim of the moment which makes Copeland announce his preference for The Pickwick Papers as Dickens's best book. This is the same instinct for the fine literature of great quests which Arthur Machen describes so lucidly in Hieroglyphics. Some writing is born of observation, finding its extremes in morbid realism and its highest virtue in the vivid etching of character and the externals of a time. Perhaps because Thackeray belongs essentially to this school, Copeland can say, in selecting his best books, "Thackeray is easy." But when Dickens launched into Pickwick, he joined the ranks of the great literary adventurers, whose lineage dates back to the Odyssey,

* *The Copeland Reader: An Anthology of English Poetry and Prose, chosen and edited by Charles Townsend Copeland, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $10.00.*

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and continues through the Divine Comedy, Don Quixote, and the other epics of search.

And following this profession of literary faith, I like to think that it is again more than accident that impelled Copeland to give us as one example of the Pickwick idea that chapter devoted to Mr. Pickwick's day on the ice. Recall, if you like, that on this day Mr. Winkle, declaring himself "rather out of practice," betrayed the full depth of his bluff; that Mr. Pickwick, in the full glow of discovery, thereupon exposed the alpha and omega of his own character. He "retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words—'You're a humbug, sir.'" There stands, in all his ridiculous trappings, the eternal leader of men, the dealer of the honest word in the manner of charity. Great literature in a paragraph.

And so it has always happened that a Copeland reading left with you more than words. It left you imbued with a sense of reality wed to dreams, invigorated, stimulated to further discovery in the meanings of life itself. Perhaps that is why many Harvard students, in the passing years, have found that they received from "Copey" more than a mere love of reading, more than the initiation into the mysteries of literature itself. They have received the knowledge of how to make reading serve an important end in their lives. They have learned to relate fiction and poetry to the practical task of becoming men. With all too many, reading never becomes much more than aesthetic gluttony. With those who have learned to read under "Copey," reading has become an instrument of finer living. It is no secret of the Harvard Yard that many a youngster has "found himself" after a quiet conference, late at night, in "Copey's" room. For in his own speech and in his way with men, Copeland carries out the same principles that guide him in his choice of "readings." Like Pickwick, he has never been afraid to say, "You're a humbug, sir." But it is part of his genius, whenever possible, to make a young man find out so unpleasant a truth for himself. One instrument to this end is well-directed reading!

The Copeland Reader, then, is vastly more than an anthology. It is as much the personal reflection of Professor Copeland as the furnishings and arrangement of the rooms in which he lives. In its 1,650 odd pages—brought into one convenient volume through the use of India paper—you can find, not so much a survey of literature in the English language, as the manifold expressions of Copeland's own and very catholic taste. You will not find him burdening you with Congreve, for example. The Critic, by Sheridan, represents sufficiently well for Copeland the Restoration spirit. You will find generous selections from the Old and New Testaments, passages from Homer, and the death of Socrates by Plato. Then comes English literature proper, with omissions as conspicuous as selections. No Chaucer, for example; a great deal of Wordsworth and Scott, less than a page and a half from Pope, seven pages of Byron as against twenty-two of Shelley and still more of Tennyson. Thackeray is dismissed, as one might suspect, with some thirty-five pages, while Dickens receives nearly ninety, and Robert Browning fifty-five. And in the American section we find five pages of Longfellow to fifty-six of Poe and half a page of Bryant. But why labor an obvious point? The selections represent personal liking, not a cross-section of literature. Moreover, they have each and all withstood the pragmatic test of reading. Each selection is self-contained. Each provides entertainment and stimulus rather than mere edification. Each comes within the border-lands of literature. It is not enough to qualify merely as fine writing. Within these pages you can read the biography of "Copey's" mind. They are not intended to be, and could never become, a composite biography of English writers.

It is more than a selfish pleasure which former students and friends of Professor Copeland will extract from this book—more than a pleasant personal reminder of evenings spent in "Copey's" study or before his reading desk. They have felt a lingering regret for many years that nothing but a personal tradition would survive Copeland himself. For his own writings have been as meagre as they are inadequate to convey his total personality. This book gives, indirectly, the heart and soul of the man himself. And, as Copeland has said of Dean Shaler, "a man is always better than a book." Copeland means much more to the Harvard men who have known him than any writing of his own, and more, even, than this present book which is so much his own. But in so far as The Copeland Reader will help to transmit even a part of the man who has shaped and influenced so many lives, to that point will it enhearten his countless friends. It is given to some men to create great literature. To Copeland it has been given to re-create literature, and in so doing, to make life-giving words become part of the reality and the fine deeds of an entire generation.

Manhattan Spring

How mild the air with just the faintest smell
Of salt; almost I hear the long thin mew
Of gulls; almost I see the curling swell
Of feather-edged waves. I sense the hue
And cry of iris roots, the peppermint's
Green envy, the tulip's bravery. O these
Eager disciples of spring, tangible hints
Of a turning tide, of May upon her knees!

Is there no place where I can kneel and brush
Away old leaves to make a circle lush
With green? Are there only quarrelling sparrows,
A skeleton ailanthus, a wall that narrows
To a scrap of sky? Has this Island for me
Only a whiff of my felicity?

RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG.

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OUR LADY'S VEIL

By MARY E. MAYDWELL

FROM May 31 to June 6, the picturesque old city of Chartres is to be the theatre of a unique religious pilgrimage, which, in more ways than one, will revive the religious pageantry of the middle-ages. Especially will it do so on its closing day, Whit Monday, when the "Voile de la Vierge" or Veil of the Virgin, a relic for which Chartres is famous all over the world, will be carried in procession round the town.

The setting for this great act of faith will be well-nigh perfect. High up on a plateau stands the beautiful cathedral, built and decorated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. At its foot lies the valley of the Eure and around it clusters the old town whose narrow streets and alleys are practically unchanged since the mediaeval epoch. No less than fifty cardinals, bishops, mitred abbots and other dignitaries have expressed their intention of being present. The scarlet and purple of their robes, the gold of the vestments, the black and brown of the monastic habits, the scarlet caps and cassocks and white pleated surplices of the altar-boys, swinging in a rhythm that is cadenced by the chant of the choristers, will compose a symphony of movement and color that is likely to linger long in the memory of all who are privileged to witness it.

Chartres in the middle-ages was a city of relics. The Revolution deprived the cathedral of most of them, though some of the more important afterward found their way back. Chief among the latter is the Veil which, tradition says, was worn by the Virgin. Documents dating back to the tenth century attest to its having been given to Charlemagne by the Emperor Constantine and the Empress Irene. Probably taken from Charlemagne's oratory at Aix-la-Chapelle by Charles le Chauve, it was presented by him to the cathedral at Chartres in the year 876. Further back than Charlemagne no written record of it exists. But it is well known that many primitive relics were gathered together by Christians of the early Church at Constantinople, and among them several articles of clothing which tradition assigned to the Mother of God.

Strange as it may seem, the worship of a virgin at Chartres goes back to a day before Christianity existed. A tradition, (justified by recent archaeological research) teaches us that before the evangelization of Gaul, a wooden statue of "The Virgin who should bring forth a child" (the Virgo paritura) was worshipped among other idols. It was in the cave or crypt, indeed, where a statue and altar existed to this deity that the first apostles of Christianity, Saint Altin and Saint Eodald founded one of their early churches.

It was on the occasion of the siege of Chartres by the Norman pirates that the Veil first acquired its world-wide celebrity. For two-thirds of a century, the Norman terror had hung heavy over the land of the Franks, especially in the river basins extending from the Loire to the Seine. After the death of Charlemagne, the diocese of Chartres was ravaged and the city itself taken and destroyed by the terrible Hastings, afterward Count of Chartres.

Rather more than half a century later, in 911, the citizens took a signal revenge, when the Normans under Rollo again attacked their town. Gantelme, the great soldier-bishop, led them to the defense of their walls. On July 29 he raised the "Voile de la Vierge" as their standard, and so heartened the defenders that the Normans were overthrown and driven into the valley of Vauxroux.

From this time on, the Veil, preserved in a chasse or coffer of gold, made in the form of an ark, and set with jewels, was closely associated with the safety of soldiers going to war. It became a custom, before setting out, to pass beneath the chasse and by so doing obtain the protection of the Virgin during action. Edward III of England and Henry IV of France, among others, are said to have made the brave old gesture.

The reverence felt for the coffer naturally prevented its being opened for many centuries and gradually its contents became rather a misty tradition. From this arose a very quaint and unusual custom. The relic was designated in old documents by the Latin term "camisa," a word which originally signified almost any feminine garment, but was afterward restricted to "chemise." This misconception slowly took root and a new interpretation, according perfectly with the literalism of the middle-ages, became attached to the venerable relic. It became the chemise which Mary wore when she brought her Divine Son into the world. A custom arose of sending "chemises de Chartres" or even metal "chemisettes" to expectant mothers whose maternity friends wished to place under the protection of the greatest of all mothers.

In the year 1194 a terrible disaster overtook both town and cathedral. An account of the fire and the events which followed was translated from the Latin of eye-witnesses by Jean le Marchand, a French poet. We learn that the ruined inhabitants counted their personal losses as nothing compared to the destruction of their cathedral and above all the loss of the precious Veil. Consumed with grief, they were prepared to abandon the blackened site and rebuild elsewhere, had not the papal legate, Cardinal Melior, who "by the providence of God and the dispensation of the Virgin-Mother herself, was present at the time," exhorted them to set to work and rebuild their church on its old foundations.

On a certain solemn feast-day, we are told, when by the mandate of the clergy, the whole body of the people were together on the spot where the church had stood, their astonished eyes beheld the precious coffer, unharmed, being borne forth from the crypt by the bishop and deans. Three or four of those who had had charge of the relic when the alarm was given had taken it down into a chapel called the Martyrium which was under the high altar and below the crypt, and remained with it three days while fire raged overhead. An iron trap-door had protected them from the burning beams which fell from the roof, from streams of molten lead, and from the heat of the ashes and pulverized stone. The story of this miraculous preservation naturally spread far and wide. It resulted in unbounded sympathy and in practical generosity while the present cathedral was building.

From this time on, records of the Veil were carefully kept. Its reidentification as a true veil, however, did not take place until the eighteenth century, when the worm-eaten condition of the "Ark" made those responsible anxious for its safe-keeping. The bishop gave permission for the coffer to be opened, "after Vespers on Passion Sunday, 1712." Monseigneur himself and five canons were alone present.

The first thing to come to light was a piece of oriental material of very fine weave, écru in color, relieved by bands composed of gold and colored threads, bordered with a fringe, and decorated by the weaver with figures of birds, fishes, animals, and other designs. This piece of antique material was merely the covering of another, of fine silky tissue and evidently extremely old. Its color, too, was écru, but it was perfectly plain, without decoration, even of the simplest. When carefully unfolded, it was perceived to be, not anything that could be called a chemise, but a seamless veil, raveled at its two ends and

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measuring about two metres by three. The effects of time and damp had injured it in certain places, but it was otherwise intact. An official report of the proceedings was published on May 13, 1713, but a design to replace the decayed coffer with one of silver seems never to have been carried out.

In 1793, at the height of the Revolution, the Veil of Chartres did not escape the notice of the philosophical National Assembly. Officials were sent to remove the precious stones, diamonds and fine pearls which decorated the coffer, and their sale by the municipality was authorized. No mention is made of the cutting of the Veil itself into several pieces, which, in all probability, took place at this time. The motive of the act is uncertain. It may have been due to the desire of the curious to possess portions of so famous a relic. Others, to whom it was still an object of veneration, may have taken the opportunity to preserve as much as possible with the design of restoring it in happier times. When the exiled Monseigneur Lubersac returned to Paris after the Concordat and before the episcopal seat at Chartres had been restored, he appealed to these last to give back to the chapter what they had taken. By degrees a number of such fragments were collected and sealed in a reliquary. By far the largest portion was restored in 1819 by a Mlle. Maillard, sister and heiress of a former curé of Notre Dame de Chartres.

In 1876, the millenary of the donation of the Veil by Charles le Chauve, the ecclesiastical authorities decided to bare the relic and carry it in procession. In order that the precious fabric might receive no damage it was mounted between two sheets of glass surrounded by a gold frame. It has not been seen by the public since and, after the coming celebrations are over, it is the intention of the chapter that it shall not be exposed again until another half century has elapsed.

The Lesser Aves

A veiled and gemmed and tiared Queen
Burns proudly from the golden walls,
A rain of pearls about her falls,
Her robes glow stiff with royalty,
Her crown's on fire with heavenly sheen;
Mother of Very God is she.

An Empress to the Byzantines,
In Gaul a blond and quiet Child,
Walking with pale feet undefiled
Amid the grey rosemary flowers,
Where hills all populous with vines
Embrace some tranquil town of towers.

I saw thee tread the English grass,
When azure April thrilled with balm,
And round thee in that hallowed calm
The common daisies thronged thy feet,
O white as tapers at Candlemas,
O dear and terrible and sweet!

Thou art the Rose without a thorn,
The Lily amid the bending trees,
Whose tender ceaseless charities
Shine shadowless from thy Sharon face;
O Star of Evening and of Morn,
From whom the Unconquered Sun was born,
Pray that we all may reach the Place,
Where Christ is Lord of Light and Grace.

WILFRED CHILDE.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE SOCIAL ORDER

Columbus, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—Dr. John A. Ryan, in his careful review of my book, The Individual and the Social Order, has, in three respects, misinterpreted my views. These misinterpretations are due in part, I think, to the brevity of my treatment and, in part, to terminological differences. They are as follows:

First, I attempted to make a distinction between the "moral" field, as having to do with social-ethical relations, and the "ethical," as a wider term inclusive of the individual's private values and duties. I agree that the individual, as such and without specific reference to his social relations, is an ethical entity and owes duties to himself.

Second, in dealing with sanctions I did not intend to say that belief in immortality is without value. In fact, in one place I have said that immortality is an ethical postulate.

Third, Dr. Ryan says that I do not believe in a personal God, because I have said the term is a symbol, have used such expressions as the "Cosmic Life" and "Cosmic Order," and have said that the cosmological framework of the classical Christian ethic and metaphysic has been shattered. The adjective "cosmological" here refers solely to the astronomical or physical cosmos. I hold that the heart of the Christian ethic stands as still the best we have; namely, the sacredness of ethical personality; and, moreover, that argument from this premise to a God who is a Super-Person, nay, rather the only Perfect or Transcendent Person, as being the ground and goal of personality in man, is still valid. It was not a part of my purpose, in writing this elementary book on social ethics, to discuss the theistic implications of ethics, but only to point toward them. I had already discussed these implications quite fully in a book, Man and the Cosmos (1922). I refer anyone who may be interested to that work, especially to chapter thirty-six. I have not changed my views since then. I still hold that in ethical personality, imperfect though it be in man, we have the most adequate key to the mystery of the Godhead.

May I express my appreciation of your thoughtful, dignified, and always interesting journal.

JOSEPH A. LEIGHTON.

"TWO RELIGIONS" OF ANGLICANISM

Greenwich, Conn.

TO the Editor:—May I suggest an aspect of this discussion which has not yet appeared in the pages of The Commonweal? It is that the viewpoint implied in the article by the Reverend Henry S. Whitehead stultifies all that the "cloud of witnesses" represented by the English martyrs, beatified and awaiting beatification by the Holy See, professed and suffered for. They were imprisoned, tortured or executed for their adherence to what one may name, coining a term scholastic fashion, the unicity of the Catholic and Roman Church. The struggle to keep this issue clear, in the face of attacks from enemies and even the misunderstanding of friends such as the French enthusiasts for reunion, has been an urgent duty for close on four centuries with those Catholics who are most closely in touch with Anglicanism and its "religions"—the minority in the country that gave Anglicanism its birth and its name.

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A correspondent in a recent number of The Commonweal suggests that fear of danger to faith is at the root of the indignation expressed in certain quarters at the publication of the original article unsupported by editorial comment. Perhaps a higher emotion than fear is assignable, namely, the instinct of loyalty. And the danger of a sectarian bigotry or of uncharitable bitterness is surely negligible among educated Catholics today, especially those who have innumerable social and business contacts with our separated brethren or who have themselves turned their backs on the will-o'-the-wisp of "Anglo-Catholicism," leaving, however, dear friends and relations among those who are "not of this fold."

G. D. Meadows.

THE DARWINIAN THEORY

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

TO the Editor:—Darwin probably did not foresee that his theory of the origin and evolution of species would be extended by following generations to apply to every department of life, not excluding religion and morality. Yet this extended application of the theory of evolution to religion and morality cannot consist with the Scriptures: "I am the Lord, I change not"; with God "is no variableness, neither shadow of turning"; "Thy word is true from the beginning, and every one of Thy righteous judgments endureth forever"; nor with all the other Scriptures that proclaim the inviolable, permanent nature and character of God's laws, commandments, and precepts.

The universal godlessness and moral laxity of our age, are, in large part, directly traceable to this pernicious theory of evolution. Recently I read an article in one of the staidest magazines in the country by a writer who proposed that the standards of beauty and ugliness should be substituted for the moral standards of right and wrong. This perverse, absurd proposal is undoubtedly a product of the evolution idea. Virtue and vice, these evolutionists think, are old, outworn ideas analogous to the old idea of fixed species. Obsessed by the theory of evolution, they think that even the old moral standards should give place to something progressive and higher. They think that even God Himself (that is, those of them who think of God at all) must grow and progress into something higher and better.

This same theory of evolution is accountable, also, for the cruel, old-time pagan doctrines advocated by modern eugenists. (Pagan doctrines were long since wholly discredited and discarded—why revive them?) In order to square the evolution theory of "the survival of the fittest" with the actual fact that those individuals whom eugenists consider fit do not survive, and those whom they consider unfit do survive, eugenists would kill off all poor, weak, afflicted individuals, and preserve only the physically strong, the intellectually vigorous, and the "successful" and wealthy members of the community (the only ones fit to survive in the eyes of these people, obsessed as they are by the degraded, material ideals of evolution and neo-evolution). While Christian men and Christian truth lie sleeping, these eugenists or evolutionists are actually putting their accursed theories into effect, and are preaching and putting into practice, so far as they can, "birth control" and "sterilization" laws. It would surprise a good many people, and awaken them from their easy slumbers if they knew that "sterilization" laws are already in actual effect in a dozen states or more, and that bills of this infamous character are before other state legislatures.

We who love the Christian name, and its Divine Founder, and the holy disciples and apostles whom that Founder inspired with divine wisdom, know the truth of Saint Paul's words, truth that the commonest kind of experience corroborates: "The foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men. For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty. And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence."

Charles Hooper.

MEETING UNEMPLOYMENT

Somerville, Mass.

TO the Editor:—I was interested to note the reference to an article I wrote concerning unemployment by Mr. William Collins in The Commonweal of April 6; and while his suggestions are from the comment of the famous labor leader, Mr. Samuel Gompers, they have reference to matter previously discussed. From all that has been mentioned, a practical theory may develop, since my only desire is to establish a minimum of unemployment in this splendid country of ours, the credit for which will be due The Commonweal, for kindly permitting the expression of views publicly.

It is simple to understand that over-production is synonymous with under-consumption; but lack of employment, so far-reaching in its effect industrially and commercially, permits a lack of consumption with a diminished foreign or export trade a factor too. So inasmuch as we, actually individually, could never interest a commercial or industrial activity in our expression of thought, it occurred to me that only a chamber of commerce, board of trade, department of commerce at Washington, or a similar activity could ever interest business in creating new industries or promoting a maximum of employment in those already existing, so that the graduates of schools and colleges who did not enter professional careers after their schooling could be assimilated with the present force of employees.

Mr. Collins merely skimmed over the surface in his comparison of the textile industry with railroad transportation, so I feel sure his detailed suggestions would prove of interest to the readers of your valued periodical.

William H. Bastion.

PROHIBITION AND EXPEDIENCY

Peterborough, Canada.

TO the Editor:—In the campaign now being conducted in America for religious freedom, arising out of Governor Smith's possible candidacy for the Presidency, might I suggest that there is a curious oversight.

Prohibition abolished freedom and substituted expediency or the so-considered best interest of the public or mass, as represented by a majority. There is no question of freedom or propriety to be answered. It is all a question of expediency. Just as two straight lines cannot enclose a space, so prohibition of private rights in the interest of the mass cannot admit of freedom of which it is in itself a negation. We might as well face these facts as beat aimlessly about the bush.

J. H. Burnham.

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POEMS

Lark-Wise

When I behold how men go down to death
Like moon-thralled Keats, with half their work undone;
I fear the fleet-foot hour, the hasting sun
That wastes the rose he opens with his breath.
The all-unsaid mocks what the too-soon saith;
Thin starred with rhyme the languid hours run,
As puff-balls blown they shatter one by one
Where chill wind blows, where keen frost withereth.

All is not lost! The earth new flecked with green
Some semblance wears of immortality,
Past yonder hill through tortured oaks I see
The drowsy morning smoulder; soft, unseen,
The blue-mazed lark pipes to the nascent May,
Careless of time and death beyond this day.

FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON.

Spring Meaaow

Butterflies rejoice to be
Documenting deity.

Sipping testament, each goes
Reassured at every rose.

Every eager bough is bent,
Verifying sacrament.

Learning clarity from on high,
Little pools rehearse the sky.

Old in quiet wisdom, trees
Sink their roots in verities.

While the daisies dramatize
Constellations of the skies!

LOUIS GINSBERG.

A Quiet Step

A quiet step upon the place,
Where green and soft the pasture lay,
Is felt and then with easy grace
There passes Spring the cow-path way.

She bends and nods beneath the tree:
Her touch is on to stir the hush
That sleeps the crab-tree's finery,
And wakes the oriole and thrush.

I follow her and wonder why
Her path leads down the water's edge—
And not a road into the sky
With starting from the water's edge.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

To a Drift of Oregon Bluejays

Now come the rain's intimate swift
Fingers, and now comes
The phantasmal blue drift
Of heaven in crumbs;

To walk among the wheat blades, preen
Under dark boughs in
Apple pumice, and shake silver-green
Laurel to dripping, and begin

The first cool burning of the spring; spray
Jetted rain from their wings,
Launch stars in the steely-houred day
And arrows from old springs.

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING.

Yellow Jasmine

Gold stars have fallen; see,
They shine with pale daylight fire
Against the dark trunks of live oaks.
Eager with their desire
The bushes tip-toe to get them,
Wave their green fingers . . . coax.

To net them
The grey moss spreads cunningly
A million webs through the branches.
If the star fire blanches
So far from heaven, heaven's air
Still clings delicately;
From where else could such an odor be
But from there?

KATHARINE ALLISON MACLEAN.

Spring

The air is opal dust and shreds of spun gold;
Sweetly breathes the south wind,
And flings a gossamer, diaphanous
Jade and crystal, from her milky shoulders.
Pools of grass gleam in every meadow—
The stark earth is awaking.
Riotous tulips, vermilion, black and saffron,
Mingle with the prim hyacinths.
Clad in a rime of tender malachite and tassels pink and silver,
The oak of a hundred years is young.
Oh, the smiles and tears of spring!
Oh, the hope and wistfulness of youth!

L. A. LEAHY.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Love Is Like That

SWIFT on the heels of The Second Man comes S. N. Behrman's second produced play, this time, however, the result of a collaboration with Kenyon Nicholson. The general impression seems to be that Love Is Like That measures up in no way to the standard of The Second Man. Perhaps that is a fair judgment as far it goes, but something more is needed in the way of a tribute to Mr. Behrman's unfailingly good dialogue which, even in the most languid passages of this play, tingles with life and a certain blunt epigrammatic truth.

As a "modern romantic comedy," the play suffers from the current public attitude toward its theme—the adventures of a penniless Russian prince among the newly rich of New York. For the moment, I cannot recall any other play with a similar character, and yet, to read the reviews, one would think this was about the tenth play of its kind this season. All of which proves an interesting point, that a situation familiar to most playgoers seldom makes good theatrical material unless it enjoys sensational or melodramatic qualities as well. Everyone, for example, is moderately familiar with the bootlegger-hijacker background of the play Broadway. But in that theme you have plenty of old-fashioned melodrama. In the present case, New Yorkers have either seen or heard about so many noble Russian exiles that the theme gives the illusion of being trite. To be more exact, it is not handled in a way to reflect fresh interest on its main character, either by way of melodrama or strongly individual characterization, and this sheds the initial gloom of familiarity over a theme that, in actual fact, is fairly new for the theatre.

The plot itself fails to contribute much. We go through all the expected scenes of snobbishness on the part of the wealthy New Yorkers, of easy democracy on the part of the prince, of sentimental reminiscence on the part of the several Russians whenever they are alone—all without the deft touches which would give the characters, as individuals, the importance which they lack as mere types. The one unexpected touch, the failure of the prince to win the love of the young American heiress, and the last curtain, which leaves him facing a strange world alone, give the play its only real distinction, and even here the force of drama is lacking in a curious way.

Against the age-old heresy of the happy ending, it is quite safe to say that audiences respond instantly to themes of sacrifice or tragedy where the motive is important enough. In popular literature, for example, take the endings of the Prisoner of Zenda or of the Tale of Two Cities. It is one of the deepest human instincts to admire sacrifice when it springs from high duty. But the ending of Love Is Like That lacks the mainspring of a simple fine motive. Cassandra Hopper admires Prince Dubriski, and knows the sincerity of his love for her, but she simply loves someone else more. If she had loved him, and he had given her up for some reason compelling to his own standard—shall we say because of some other obligation in his life which must be met first?—then that final curtain would have colored pathos with heroism, to the assured delight of the average audience. In the truest, but far from accepted sense, that a happy ending implies some great moral or spiritual achievement, we all like that kind of a curtain. But we find it in the greatest tragedies as well as in many of the finest comedies, and no matter by what name we call it, it is the happiness of a great deed bravely done that sends us out aglow with the joy that is common to tears as well as laughter.

Dudley Digges directed the Behrman-Nicholson play, but without the welding magic that so often characterizes his best work. The parts are individually well done, but are often in different keys. Lucille Watson as Cassandra's aunt, for example, plays for farce, directing her best lines straight at the audience. Ann Davis, so excellent when playing opposite Southern in Accused, repeats the interesting quality of her earlier work, but with a realism bordering on the tragic mood. Basil Rathbone as the prince is, until that last curtain, the impeccable gentleman of high comedy. Right here, then, we have three distinct methods crowded into one slightly thin play, with Barbara Bulgakov adding a touch of romantic fervor as a Russian dancer. The total result is entertaining only in spots.

Wall Street

THE Stagers, with Edward Goodman as director-in-chief, have been inactive during the first two-thirds of the present season, failing, apparently, to get that measure of endowment support on which art theatres rely and which their own sincere efforts quite richly deserved. They have now come to life again with an episodic play by James N. Rosenberg, depicting the rise and fall of a not quite believable figure in Wall Street.

John H. Perry starts as a devoted young father in a small Massachusetts town, afflicted with a wife whose fear of the great city is so overwhelming that she makes him promise if he ever reaches moderate success in New York to return at once to Nelsonville. When he makes his first quarter of a million and refuses to stop there, she packs up and leaves him, taking his son with her, and disappears. Many years later, the son, wishing to avenge his mother's fate, returns under an assumed name to act as his father's confidential secretary and betray him to his financial enemies. After an unmasking, there is a temporary reconciliation. Then the son practically forces his father's retirement, proceeds to wreck the firm by "bucketing," and in the last scene throws himself out of the window while the prematurely decrepit father offers to make good all losses, thus proving himself, we suppose, a proud and good old sport in spite of everything.

The play suffers singularly from characters that are both overdrawn and underwritten. Overdrawn because they are not true to any recognizable types; and underwritten because their motivations are not thoroughly enough handled to make them convincing even as unusual individuals. In Old English, to illustrate, Galsworthy has drawn anything but a type character in Heythorp. The old man would never be believable in mere outline. He would be sheer caricature. But Galsworthy has filled in the outline with such master-strokes of detail that Heythorp becomes an individual in his own right, obeying no law of type, but challenging any denial of his existence. Possibly Mr. Rosenberg intended to create an American Heythorp. But, if so, he should have studied Galsworthy's methods more closely. Instead of writing a life history in brief episodes, he should have condensed the summary actions of a life in scenes long and complete enough to lend reality to John Perry.

As it stands, the play is full of Wall Street chatter, full of abundant satire, but empty of all semblance of persuasive char-

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acterization. Its straw men bump around the stage uttering parrot phrases, striking heroic or villainous attitudes, without even the one genius of caricature—resemblance to original type. The scenes shift on an ingenious revolving stage with fatal rapidity, crashing through decades and decorum alike, and failing in the aggregate to give any sense of reality either of mood or background. Here and there good bits of acting emerge, recalling Mr. Goodman's workmanlike ability in keeping all his actors to one mood, but the general pace demanded by the text is too rapid to permit minor refinements of business, and the dialogue itself is too crude to permit sustained impressions. Miss Kathryn Kohler in a minor rôle contributes the best acting. Cleon Throckmorton's revolving settings are interesting, but more as a stunt than as a serious contribution.

Mr. Pim Passes By

BY REVIVING one of its older plays, the Theatre Guild adds just that much more to the repertory idea. This tenuous comedy by A. A. Milne was first presented by the Guild some years ago with Laura Hope Crews and Erskine Sanford in the leading rôles. They again play the same parts in revival, to the complete delight, be it said, of any lover of high comedy. Dudley Digges, as the befuddled husband, gives one of those performances so replete with masterly business that you are quite as much captivated by his silences as by his rotund speech.

The comedy, if you remember, hinges on the chance remark of Mr. Pim—an old codger just "passing by" with a letter of introduction—to the effect that he has just seen Jacob Tellworthy, first and convict husband of Olivia Marden, still alive. This apparently makes George and Olivia bigamists. George has a conscience about it, Olivia none. Mr. Milne thereupon makes George seem ridiculous. With matters at a crisis, Mr. Pim remembers to add that Tellworthy perished trying to swallow a herring bone. This helps. But Olivia makes George propose all over again, and otherwise blackmails him into consenting to his daughter's marriage to a young artist. Then Mr. Pim has another stroke of memory. The man he met was not named Tellworthy at all—no, quite another name. And there you are. Quite Shavian. Quite distorted.

The Demise of the Neighborhood

THE most interesting theatre in New York is about to close, after an unexampled record of twelve years of original and stimulating work. The Neighborhood Playhouse (will anyone ever forget The Dybbuk, or the best of the Grand Street Follies, or any of a dozen entrancing things that have emerged from this place?) finds itself face to face with a well-known law of theatre economics. Its auditorium is so small that even when it has so astonishing a success as The Dybbuk to its credit, the revenue from the occasional success cannot replace the deficit piled up by the less popular productions. Add to this the determination of its directors to keep prices far below the Broadway standard, and it is easy to see why a theatre miles away from the theatrical centre cannot operate without a perpetual annual deficit. In the past, this deficit has been met largely by the Misses Alice and Irene Lewisohn, who have given unstintingly, not only of their money, but of their time and energy to this admirable project. It is understood that they are contemplating, later on, the opening of a similar theatre in a better location and without the inherent handicaps of this one. Every theatre lover in New York will wish them the success they deserve in this newer enterprise.

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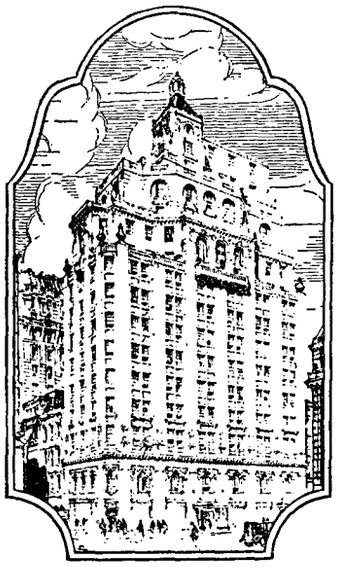

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BOOKS

Colonel Bob Ingersoll, by Cameron Rogers. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.00.

MR. ROGERS has followed up his fictional biography of Walt Whitman, The Magnificent Idler, with a straightforward life of the great agnostic orator. There are no fictitious incidents here; but the material has been handled, for the most part, as a novelist would handle it. And this makes the book very free and fresh. It is throughout eminently readable.

The opening chapters—though they do not attempt to draw any moral—explain the career of the agnostic. Ingersoll's father, handsome, eloquent, and possessed of enormous physical strength and vitality, was a Presbyterian minister who, because of his furious denunciations of slavery, lost one pulpit after another and was obliged to wander from town to town in the Middle-West, taking with him his two motherless sons. From him, Bob (it is so that Mr. Rogers always refers to his subject) derived, in a positive fashion, his magnificent physical presence, eloquence, and love of liberty. From him, too, he derived something that was of equal importance—though it was negative: his abhorrence of religious belief. Ingersoll never lost a profound reverence for the passionate sincerity of his father's character, and the tenderness of the old man was repaid with unfaltering love. But the remorseless rigidity of his father's Calvinism, of a type at once Hebraic and provincial, had its natural effect upon a nature that was equally virile and sensitive, and Bob, along with his brother Clark, escaped at the earliest possible moment from the rigors of the Presbyterian discipline and theology and the frightful prospect of the Presbyterian paradise, "where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths never end."

But though Ingersoll will be remembered longest as an agnostic, Mr. Rogers soft-pedals discreetly upon that aspect of his career. It is a vivid and varied life that is presented to us: Bob's part in the Civil War as colonel of an Illinois regiment of cavalry; Bob's triumphs as a lawyer; and Bob as politician.

No doubt it was as a lawyer that Ingersoll was greatest; but it is as an orator that he is most picturesque. Yet his most famous speeches, whether upon politics or religion, when read, make him appear always too orotund and frequently something very much like a windbag. The famous Chicago speech in nomination of Blaine is a case in point. "Like an armèd warrior, like a plumèd knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor." This is a little too much. The style is overdone; and in view of certain financial incidents in Blaine's career it becomes ludicrous. At the conclusion of the speech, Oliver Morton, the Governor of Indiana, slapped the orator on the back and said, "My God, Bob, you were sublime!" Bob grinned as he answered, "Oliver, I could have made a better speech for you than I did for Blaine." We will let it go at that.

But if Ingersoll always had the orator's tendency to lay it on a bit thick, he was quite outdone by some of his own admirers. After a lecture on Shakespeare, one in his audience declared (Ingersoll chuckled over the remark for the rest of his life): "A greater than Shakespeare is his panegyrist." At another time, a professor of Greek in Maine said that if Demosthenes was more eloquent than Ingersoll he must have been very badly reported. The fact is that Ingersoll's superb presence and his golden voice did the trick. He seems to have been able to make men cry merely by remarking that twice two are four.

What emerges from Mr. Rogers's delightful book is a rich and racy personality. A man, a manly man—sagacious, brave, kind, honest (with a few minor reservations concerning his political career) and humorous. It is impossible to regard Ingersoll without liking him. And who could fail to reverence the writer of the following letter? "I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever drove a skeleton from a feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields; the breath of June; the carol of the lark; the dews of night; the wealth of summer and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it and you will hear the voices of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home,' mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it and you will feel within your blood the starlit dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks of many perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within the happy staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of men." I am told that in 1887, when that letter was written and published in New York, the body that corresponded to our own Anti-Saloon League met to consider what could be done about it. The members of the committee cudgelled their brains for a long time in vain. Then it was suggested that the letter should be read a second time. After which the committee continued its deliberations in a neighboring saloon.

Mr. Rogers was just the man to be chosen to write this book. For he has dealt, with fairness and in no partisan spirit, with what Ingersoll did during his life, but has laid the chief emphasis upon what Ingersoll was, a character racy, genial and virile. To have made so successful a portrait he must be himself what his subject was, a man.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Daphne Adeane, by Maurice Baring. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

IT WOULD be an interesting exercise in remedial critical gymnastics to try to identify and pin down once for all the charm that resides in Maurice Baring's facile chronicles of the well-cushioned classes. It certainly does not derive from his construction, which is of a Monday-Tuesday order, nor in his insight, which is seldom better than superficial, nor in his faculty for similes. These last seldom rise, in his hands, above the obvious, and in the volume under review can produce nothing less banal to express a temperamental woman than Vesuvius at rest and Vesuvius in eruption.

Perhaps, when an attempt is made to balance his excellences against his shortcomings, poise is the quality that stands out. There is much the same pleasure in reading him as in catching a level, modulated voice amid a gathering of strident, high-pitched talkers, each striving to outspeak the other. What the pleasant voice has to say becomes, for the moment, less important than the rest to nerves and ear.

This quality of poise is all the more grateful because it is the outward and visible sign of Mr. Baring's complete at-homeness in the world he has chosen to depict. Interested as so many Catholic novelists have been before him (Father Hugh Benson and the very talented convert who wrote herself John Oliver Hobbes are shining exemplars) in the class which fares delicately and lives high, Mr. Baring handles his own folk without any empressement. He knows, as Thackeray guessed before verifying his theory, that they talk oftener of their stomachs than their souls, that the Merry Widow means (or meant) more to them than a fugue by Bach, that they are more at home in gossip about lovers than in lofty speculations upon love—in

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a word, that the proportion of high- and low-browedness remains a constant regardless of the milieu selected. Nevertheless, taking advantage of the easy manners and freedom from meaner cares which are a social inheritance, he gives us novels that never sink below a certain level of distinction.

Daphne Adeane is in her grave and no more than a memory when the story opens, at a date that one would place roughly about 1905. But a legend that has grown up around her personality and power over men renders her none the less the protagonist in Mr. Baring's novel. Daphne's husband is a recluse, entirely devoted to her memory and keeping the room in which she was taken with her last illness locked and shuttered against the world. Two men, a writer and a distinguished doctor, who were rivals for her platonic preferences, share the cult with him.

A resemblance that none can explain but none miss seeing, between the dead woman and Fanny Choyce, a young matron not too happily married, makes the latter the inheritor of all this devotion. Fanny has been the unwitting victim of a marriage of convenience. Deeply in love with her husband, a Liberal member of Parliament, she discovers that a liaison with a married woman has persisted up to the very threshold of marriage, and her affection cannot survive the discovery. Duty and a certain fastidiousness from which none of Mr. Baring's people are quite exempt, keep the philanderings that cover many years platonic affairs. But war comes. Her husband is reported missing on the Belgian front. An affinity with Dr. Frank Greene that has grown up during hospital service in Boulogne drifts into life in common. Marriage is about to regularize the position when the lost aviator returns, his memory restored, and the novel ends upon a note of renunciation.

Catholic ideology prevails throughout Mr. Baring's new novel. The legendary Daphne was a pietist, with a domestic chapel all her own for meditation and prayer. Hyacinth Wake, Michael Choyce's mistress, was a member of the older Church, and an access of conscience on her part was the main factor in the rupture. At the crisis of her own fate, it is a long conversation with Father Rendall, Hyacinth's confessor, that arouses Fanny's misgivings and helps her to take the harder way. All these things would seem at first sight to place Daphne Adeane well within the category of authentic Catholic fiction. If they fail, it is the opinion of the present writer that they fail because they are rather adornments than an inherent part of its structure. What is inherent has been so well put by Miss Agnes Repplier in a review of Mr. Baring's former novel, Cat's Cradle, published in these columns, and is so applicable to his latest effort, that I make no excuse for repeating it: "The only serious occupation of all these men and women is to fall in love, and they invariably fall in love with persons who are already provided with the one husband or the one wife whom law and custom permit . . . nothing save love seems to interest them, which is a pity."

So new, indeed, to Catholic readers of English and American literature is the association of their own religious issues with mundane love, that the tendency to claim as their own any romance of distinction in which justice is done them is easily understandable. But those at all acquainted with continental fiction will be more deliberate in judgment. The "whiff of incense" which Hugo's lieutenant Gillenormand thought gave such savor to an amourette, is an old, old discovery on the French side of the Straits of Dover. It infests many novels that are far from edifying and a still greater number that are far from convincing. The eminent critic M. Emil Baumann, writing in a recent issue of La Vie Catholique on The Crisis in the Novel, had something to say that might well be taken

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to heart by writers in England or America who keep the Catholic novel before them as an enduring ambition. "Many Catholic artists," said M. Baumann, "are no more than religious moralists. Their work is Catholic in its conclusions . . . but not in its creative principle. And the reason is that these writers have a conception of their art in no wise different, at bottom, from that with which they reproach their adversaries."

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Humanizing Education, by Samuel D. Schmalhausen. New York: New Education Publishing Company. $2.50.

Adult Education, by Joseph K. Hart. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.75.

SARAH LUMPKIN was a student of industrial problems in Newtown College for Women. She was deeply interested in learning about how the other half of the world lives—and why. Her notebooks were filled with materials from readings and lectures. Her teachers were proud of her.

She lived in The City. While she was at home for the midwinter holidays, she decided to visit some of the big factories in order to get materials for her college work. At the great clothing shops of the G. M. and C. Company, she was shown through by a member of the personnel department. Presently they came to a sewing-room where piece-work was obviously going on. "Oh, you do piece-work here, do you?" exclaimed Miss Lumpkin. "Yes," replied her guide, "we do piece-work in this department. What's wrong with piece-work?"

"Well," was the retort, "there's something wrong with it, I know. I can't quite remember what it is; but if I had my notebooks here I could tell you!"

This anecdote, taken from Professor Hart's new book, will be accepted by any honest educator as an illustration of the manner in which our best institutions of learning so often fail to educate. It affords a glimpse of their seamy side; and while we may admit that there is a more decorous side as well, it is not only legitimate but necessary for us to inquire just why that seamy side must exist at all.

The reason for the existence of Sarah Lumpkin is not to be discovered in any superficial defects in school or university organization. It lies rather in the motives which actuate many of our guardians, administrators and teachers, as well as our pupils. One of these motives is vanity. Parents wish to demonstrate the high quality of the endowments which they have transmitted to their offspring; they wish to point with pride to their own accomplishments as progenitors, and are consequently not interested in any progress of the individual child, for its own sake.

Again, the state or the community, wishing to perpetuate itself with all its vices, is interested primarily in turning out good (that is to say, acquiescent) citizens and patriots, all stamped according to the same pattern—not in assisting in the production of active, original minds, which are too often felt to be the enemies of an established political or economic order. As to the pupils and students themselves, they too often seek information and training merely as means toward the acquisition of social distinction and wealth. These are, to a deplorably large extent, the motives which drive the raw material into our schools; and our officers of instruction necessarily find themselves unable to remain unaffected by them.

These tendencies, successful and valuable as their results may occasionally turn out to be, operate to obscure, if not to negate or oppose, the main function of education, in the better sense of that term. An education should add to the student's comprehension and understanding of the truth, and should enable him to plan, and as far as possible to live, his life accordingly. Our present systems do this only by the way, incidentally and at haphazard, if at all. We somehow trust that this primary cultural function of education will be fulfilled if its secondary, practical functions are only sufficiently exercised. It is this fallacy of intention which accounts, in the end, for Sarah Lumpkin.

We cannot go on expecting our students to form themselves into a future generation which will rise superior to ourselves, if we systematically train them to cherish only our own low ideals. In order to improve matters, we must operate on the motives of ourselves, of our own adult communities.

The rapid succession of somewhat radical books on this subject which have followed the publication of Mr. Bertrand Russell's Education and the Good Life is indicative of a healthily growing consciousness of this need of a general movement toward an intelligent adult and community education. Of the two before us now, Mr. Schmalhausen's volume is largely a wasted effort. It is an inconsecutive, incoherent, frequently absurd diatribe against things as they are, especially in our public schools. The best that one can say about it is that its author is undoubtedly sincere. He was dismissed from the teaching staff of the De Witt Clinton High School during the panicky days of the war, and has not yet recovered his poise. His good arguments are hopelessly vitiated by his too violent apostrophes, by his puerile ejaculations and exclamations. Humanizing Education is an example of a good theme swamped under a turgid and noisome flood of soap-box oratory.

Professor Hart's book, on the other hand, is an exceedingly valuable, because logical, statement of the radical position. It emphasizes the necessity for living, as well as professing, ideals of freedom. It insists that education must take account of the hours which the child and the student spend outside the school and in the inescapable stream of the life of the community. It points out that "we are the best educated people in the world with respect to incidental matters and the endless details of existence; and the least educated as to what all these things signify." And it administers a much-needed and devastating criticism of the mechanistic psychology underlying the current vogue of intelligence tests.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

The Beloved Physician: Sir James Mackenzie, by R. Macnair Wilson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

ONE of the most characteristic gestures of our time is the effort to be rid of the static conceptions that restricted the philosophy, the art, the physics even, of our forbears, and to replace them by symbols at least, if not actual representations of a moving, living type. It is more than an accident that Einstein and Bergson lived in the same generation, Rodin and Monet in the same city. Our science shares with art this preoccupation. Speaking in frankly medical terms, this is the day when physiology casts loose the trammels of anatomy, and we study disease in action more enthusiastically than in the dead-house.

It was a strenuous task, this, to found the physiology of heart diseases and to place on record what might be termed the life history of the heart, scornful of the anatomical "murmurs" of the big-wigs. And it was done, as so much of man's best work is done, in the cloister of a secluded mind. A country doctor of Burnley (who ever heard of Burnley?) a Scot, watched and waited and recorded what happened through the lifetime of his patients. Life was his laboratory, the polygraph

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of his invention, almost his only tool. After a quarter century of this toil the world was at his feet. He moved to Harley Street, temple of British consultants, and then to prove himself truly great, finding the life of an idol a stagnant one, he crept back to the country to end his days, as he had begun them, as a country practitioner.

"If you ask what is the first step in the way of truth, I answer humility. If you ask what is the second, I say humility. If you ask what is the third, I answer the same—humility." Thus in his old age he knocks at the door of each astounded doctor in the town of St. Andrew's and begs that he may help. "Here on their doorsteps stood the most renowned physician of his age, a man whose name had become almost a legend, asking to be permitted to undertake on their behalf a little of the burden of family practice in a small Scottish town. It took their breath away." Small wonder!

The subject is a bit large for the hand of the author. But in spite of the worship, in spite of the hatred of the embattled consultants (who seem—in the telling—incapable of either perception or ratiocination) Sir James looms out of the narrative, gigantic. You could find no better book to give your son, if his interest be medicine.

EDWARD L. KEYES.

Cantica Natalia, $75.00; Pertinent and Impertinent, $4.50; Common Carol Book, $4.50; Judas, $3.00; Manual for Dominican Lay Brothers, $0.80. New York: Saint Dominic's Press.

THE productions of Saint Dominic's Press for 1926 offer the usual variety of subject-matter, the usual excellence of printing, writing, and woodcuts. All this is especially notable in Cantica Natalia, a folio collection of twenty Christmas carols, and the most ambitious work the Press has ever done. All save one carol, Childing of a Maiden Bright, are in Latin: they are reprinted from two French collections of hymns for processions, the Cowley Carol Book, the Manuale Precum, and the Processional of the nuns of Chester. In all cases but two, the plain-chant notation is given. These are some of the bare facts about Cantica Natalia: in speaking of the paper, printing, and woodcuts, one can only say that it seems no finer work could be done, save by hand. Many of the woodcuts are by Desmond Chute, reproduced in color from Songs to Our Lady of Silence. Others are new, and almost equally remarkable. That simplicity, balance, and rhythm of line and mass which we admire in Chinese, Egyptian, early Greek, and the best modern art, characterizes such pictures as the Flight into Egypt and Bernardette kneeling before Our Lady.

Pertinent and Impertinent is a medley of religious, humorous, and political verse, decorated with interesting engravings by Chute, Jones, and Purney. Perhaps the finest of these represents purgatory being emptied by the Sacrifice of the Mass and the prayers of Our Lady. The verse strikes varied notes: naïveté, delicate fantasy, invective, worship, and the simplicity of carols. Among the poems are a mystery play on Bethlehem and a miracle play on Saint Sebastian. The religious poems vary from odes in the manner of Vaughn and Thompson to carols, such as Our Lady Was a Milkmaid. There are denunciations of the capitalist system; and again, nursery rhymes, and ironical witticisms in verse.

The Common Carol Book has much the same material as Cantica Natalia, save that it includes several Easter and Christmas carols in English. The plain-chant notation is less complete than in the larger book, but there are more illustrations. It is as perfect a book, on a smaller scale. Judas is a

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TWO WORTHWHILE BOOKS

The Inquisition

By A. L. MAYCOCK

Introduction by
FATHER RONALD KNOX

The Inquisition is considered by many as the dark spot in the history of the Roman Catholic Church. How just is this judgment? Maycock presents an unbiased study of mediaeval heresy and of the means taken to combat it. Heresy was a crime in the eyes of the State as well as a sin in the eyes of the Church. The Inquisition was an ecclesiastical tribunal to determine what was heresy and who was heretical. The whole problem is brilliantly set forth and analyzed. *The volume bears the official Imprimatur of the Roman Catholic Church.* $4.00

My Thirty Years of Friendships

By SALVATORE CORTESI

Behind the scenes in Rome, with special reference to Americans abroad. Cortesi is and has been a brilliant press correspondent for a quarter of a century both in Europe and America, and seldom has a book contained so much entertainment about so varied a group of interesting and famous personalities. Roosevelt and the Vatican, Salvini, Bernhardt, Bismark and many other events and people live in its pages. $3.50

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mystery play in simple, vigorous verse, with many stabs at modern business: it is another masterpiece of printing. Finally, in the Manual for Dominican Lay Brothers, we have a charming paper-covered volume, containing not only their Rule, but the manner of serving Mass, numerous Dominican liturgical prayers, and the Rule of Saint Augustine.

Here is a press run by devout Catholics, tertiaries of Saint Dominic, producing work not surpassed by any secular artists. This is a matter of importance, not only to lovers of art, but to those who would convert the youth of today: which, in religion as in other matters, has thrown overboard the absurdities of post-mediaeval times, in search of what is real.

RICHARD LINN EDSALL.

East Side, West Side, by Felix Reisenberg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

WHAT is The City? Essentially it is a large collection of dwellings placed so close together as to be practically continuous. In the nature of things, the dwellers in these buildings will present a great variety of persons, desires, habits, and the greatest city of the western world will differ from any other only in being larger.

Captain Reisenberg has attempted a novel of which the hero is our metropolis; in so far as the hero keeps his place, the novel is all very well, but as soon as the hero ceases to be a physical city and begins to be a spiritual person, the task fails. The book contains a fair number of pen sketches of city life which are as well done as such writing can be; it holds one's attention admirably; if it is accurate (I cannot vouch for this) it might be called a social document. Apart from these merits, which will undoubtedly put it through enough editions to make it a financial success, Captain Reisenberg's book has little to be said for it.

The people with whom it deals may be human beings; if they are, I, at least, have never met any like them. Josephine Lambert, the heroine, is cast from the mold of a lady of fashion after which anyone who had never met a "Van Horn" in the flesh might imagine all such creatures to be formed—perfectly cold, scheming, calculating for her own ends, which are comfort, luxury, pride, and satisfaction of sex desires. John Breen, the nominal hero, is such a mixture of wild romanticism and go-gettiveness as to be perfectly unreal. Only the minor characters have any life—Pug Malone, Mrs. Breen, the Lipvitches.

Serious particular criticism of such a book is rather futile. The real complaint one must have against East Side, West Side is far more general. The novel, which on every page lays claim to being "significant," has no real significance whatever, because it is deeply imbued with the spirit inherent in much modern literature—the conviction that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. Expressed in another way, this is only the pathetic fallacy—the attribution on the part of the author to some inanimate object, in this case New York City, of characteristics originating in the author himself. Instead of being concerned with persons and their interrelations, we are thrown into a vague evolutionary optimism which anticipates the time when plenty will be common and the poor will be only the poor in spirit or in mind. All this is mixed with bitter realism: excellently written passages on New York politics, the reflection that after all, "Tammany, reform, Tammany, reform, Tammany" sums up New York's history.

Not to dwell upon the confusion inherent in all this, one must question the optimism. Are human beings happy in direct ratio to the comforts and conveniences they enjoy? And if this be granted, is it good art to attribute to a city some mystical personality striving vaguely toward its golden dream of better and ever better physical conditions? That is, after all, a question underlying all modern criticism: whether it is the function of literary art to deal with life, or to become an underling of the highly dubious science of sociology.

H. L. BINSSE.

Her Majesty, by E. Thornton Cook. New York E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.00.

IN A handsomely illustrated volume, E. Thornton Cook gives the life-story of the queens of England from the reign of Matilda of Flanders, the Norman queen, down to the coming of Alexandra, "the sea-king's daughter." The calendar of royal ladies starts off with the beating administered by William the Conqueror to the haughty Matilda, who scorned him as the son of a tanner's daughter and who later succumbed to his martial courting.

Then we read of Edith Matilda of Scotland, queen consort of Henry I, whose early life was spent in the disguise of a nun and who came forth when the skies cleared for her royal nuptials. The Plantagenets come on the scene with the lively, romantic Eleanora of Aquitaine, friend and patron of Provençal troubadours, and granddaughter of the gay old Duke William, whose character she inherited. At the age of seventy, her son Richard Lion-Heart made her regent of England during his long absence in the Holy Land. She finally decided, near the end of her days, to take the convent veil. Her description of herself remains: "Eleanora, by the wrath of God, Queen of England."

A long line of variegated queens files down the ages! The crusading queen, Berengaria of Navarre; the Lady of Gay Provence, Eleanor; the Faithful Eleanora of Castile; the Good without Lack Marguerite of France; the She-Wolf Isabella of France; the Little Queen, Isabella of Valois; the Witchcraft queen, Johanna of Navarre; The Rose-Red Queen Margaret of Anjou; The Widow-woman of England, Elizabeth Woodville; the Pageant Queen, Ann Neville; the Nine Days Queen, Jane Grey; the Sister Queens, Mary and Anne; the Injured Queen, Caroline of Brunswick. We reach a feminine climax in the Great White Queen Victoria and her lovely successor Alexandra.

The material gathered and arranged in Mr. Cook's volume may be welcomed by the reader not only as romance, but as a handy historical compilation.

RODERICK GILL.

As Man to Man: Adventures of a Commuter, by Condé B. Pallen. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

MOST Catholics have frequently encountered the interest and curiosity of their non-Catholic friends and neighbors regarding the tenets and practices of the Church. There is always some Episcopalian, Baptist or Methodist to lean over the back-yard fence to ask: What is a mission? Why do you fast in Lent? What is the communion of saints? Why do you put ashes on your forehead?—and a thousand other questions, sometimes foolish, sometimes serious enough for the questioner, and sometimes difficult for the uninstructed Catholic to answer properly.

Dr. Pallen, in his years of commuting, has met these early morning and dewy-eye questioners: he has known how to resolve their difficulties, turn back the fire upon his jokers, and unravel the skein of misinformation and error which, blacker than the smoke from the locomotive, cloud the mental atmos-

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phere of so many of our good fellow-citizens. His book is a diary of these encounters, and it will instruct as well as amuse many who will still go on questioning to the end.

THOMAS WALSH.

Harangue, by Garet Garrett. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

THIS latest novel of Garet Garrett's is one of the most arresting and original of this year's crop of Amercan novels. It is an exciting dramatization of the intellectual and social problems which prevail in the more experimental state governments of the Middle-West and the Northwest. As Garet Garrett is one of the most brilliant financial writers in the country, Harangue illuminates this adventure in government coöperation with discerning comments upon producing and marketing. It tells of men's efforts to fight predatory railroad interests and corrupt politics, and to build a new order, and it is not only stimulating in its byplay of human reactions, but utterly engrossing as a tall tale.

Mr. Garrett introduces his novel with a short preface that observes that "man is the only animal that can think as if. Hence the Arabian Nights, the flying carpet, the pyramids, the zodiac, the artifacts, discontent, utopias, and politics. He says, Lo! and the world is not there. Or Lo! again, and he is not there." Harangue then proceeds to give an exposition of these remarks. Jael Saint-Leon is the only daughter of her fabulously rich father. She had been left his entire fortune. In solving the problem of what to do with her large income, she had turned her money and effort toward the needs of social life. Her home in the slums was a salon of the intellectuals. Every budding cause sought her aid.

She lent her wealth to back the New Freedom venture—a disguise for the Non-Partisan League of the West. Here we are given a charming picture of intellectuals and farmers bucking up against human nature and its vices to establish a reformed state. No doubt many of the characters are drawn from actual people. It is ironic to see the intellectuals who have escaped from dogma restricting their thought with a new dogma of their own. The characterizations of Plaino, the hard-headed banker; Fitzgerald, the intellectual; Capuchin, the spellbinder; Semicorn, the wobbly, are excellent portraits.

EDWIN CLARK.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Death-Bed Visions, by Sir William Barrett. London: Methuen and Company. $1.00.

THOSE familiar with the book, On the Threshold of the Unseen, are aware that its late author was careful in his selection of instances and cautions in drawing arguments from them. The same virtues are discernable in this posthumous volume. It deals with those cases, very common in melodramatic fiction and apparently not infrequent in real life, in which dying persons seem to pierce the veil between this world and the next, and to see dead friends awaiting them on the other side. That they really believe this is unquestionable, though in the majority of cases the vision is not shared by those around the death-bed. It may, then, be mere illusion; but one group of cases submitted, very puzzling to holders of that hypothesis, is that of persons who have claimed to see, amongst others well-known to be dead, those whom they believed to be alive. The matter is reported with ample certification, and certainly does not seem to fit in with a theory of mere illusion. What is curious in the record, however, is the fact that all those who reappear, even those persons who admittedly might require at least some purgatorial cleansing, seem to have gone straight to heaven, and come thence or are shown there in the vision. The book is worth study, for the subject is one much discussed today. As a foot-note it may be remarked that no Catholics figure amongst those vouchsafed these visions.

The Ecclesiastical Year, by Reverend John Rickaby, S. J. New York: Joseph F. Wagner, Inc. $1.35.

FATHER RICKABY'S new book in the My Bookcase Series, gives the reader "the inner meaning and spirit of the great cycle of feasts that are brought before him in the course of the year." The services to religious truth of the brothers, Father Joseph and Father John Rickaby, now in their eightieth year, have been manifold, including works in the Stonyhurst Series on First Principles of Knowledge and General Metaphysics, and constant contributions to American and English magazines. The Ecclesiastical Year contains learned and helpful chapters on feasts like those of Epiphany, Candlemas, Pentecost, All Saints and The Immaculate Conception, providing useful and interesting matter for priest as well as layman.

Histoire de France, by A. Malet and Paul Rice Doolin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.00.

AN ABRIDGMENT of Malet's standard texts on French history is offered by Doubleday, Page and Company as the first of a series of books they are to publish in the French language for American readers. The choice made is very good. Although Malet's work is designed for the classroom and so cannot preserve the narrative charm of such treatises as Bainville's, it is nevertheless readable and excellently organized. A spirit of impartiality is maintained, and the stress is laid on matters of real importance. One may well note also the attractive format of the book. Printing, paper and binding are much better than anything one could hope to import from Paris just now at anything like the same price.

The Commonweal would greatly appreciate the receipt of copies of Number 13, Volume V, from any of its readers who may possess extra copies of this number.

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